

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1872.

The Week.

THE contest between the Grant and Greeley advocates has grown so warm that within the last fortnight they began to call in the aid of what the ecclesiastics used to call "the secular arm" against each other, or, in plain English, tried to hand each other over to the police. The Kilpatrick prosecution of the editor of the *Times* for libel was a move of this nature, but failed owing to the refusal of the Grand Jury to find a bill. This was followed up by the arrest of Mr. J. P. Lindsay, the secretary or other officer of the Greeley Committee, for fraud, at the suit of the heirs of the late Professor Morse, which caused wild rejoicing in the Grant camp, tempered, however, by threats of an indictment for "conspiracy" made by the *Tribune* against the editor and a reporter of the *Times*. No other proceedings are pending at this writing, but the air is full of "charges" and insinuations, and rumors of the existence of "papers," "letters," and affidavits are rife on all sides. The public, we think, is rejoiced by every threat of suit or prosecution, and mourns when the parties come to terms, or for any other cause the proceedings terminate without a verdict, for it desires that the magistrate shall not bear the sword in vain, and it knows that he can hardly thrust it into any group of "champions" in this city without doing substantial justice.

The greatest triumph the cause of reform has yet won was achieved at Albany on Monday last in the conviction of Barnard, followed as it was by a sentence of removal from the bench and disqualification for office. The value of the full penalty cannot be overrated. It not only drives Barnard completely out of political life, for there is in New York political life even for such as he now is, but it gives a salutary shock to public opinion, the effect of which will be felt both on the bench and at the bar. We presume even Mr. George Ticknor Curtis will now acknowledge that there was something wrong about Barnard, in spite of that eminent man's assertion to the contrary. Moreover, it finally clears the New York bench of the scoundrels. McCunn is dead; Cardozo—probably the greatest knave of all—has unfortunately escaped justice, but he is effectually shelved; and Barnard is disposed of in the most exemplary and striking manner by a fair trial and prompt conviction.

The triumph of justice and decency will not be complete, however, unless those who have borne the brunt of the battle are now remembered and honored. It ought not to be forgotten that General Barlow was the first to raise his voice in this city against the judicial iniquities in which Barnard was the chief actor, and that he was followed closely by Mr. Stickney, on whom the drudgery of this magnificent fight largely fell afterwards, and who never rested till, on Tuesday last, at Saratoga, he had fairly driven the culprit to bay, and closed the case against him in a speech which destroyed the last traces of hope. On Mr. Van Cott fell the great responsibility of the conduct of the case before the Senate, and he pursued it with remorseless vigor. We would advise those, too, who doubted whether the Bar Association would be able to do anything for reform inside ten years, to look at what it has done in the present contest. It took charge of the proceedings against the judges immediately after the election last fall, and in spite of every kind of obstacle, either drove them from the bench or got them impeached. It is safe to say that it is now a power which no judge will forget or set at defiance, and that it will supply that restraining public opinion from which the courts have for a good many years been almost completely exempt. We trust its triumph will, as soon as the hot weather is over, be celebrated by some kind of festivity.

It is to be observed that among the twenty-six articles on which the Court found Barnard guilty, are the charges with regard to the appointment of Fisk as receiver of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, the appointment of young Tweed as receiver of the Union Pacific Railroad, the appointment of W. J. A. Fuller as receiver of the Groesbeek stock, and the issue of the celebrated "writs of assistance," which formed the principal points in the controversy between General Barlow and Mr. D. D. Field and Mr. Shearman in 1871, and in which Mr. G. T. Curtis had the fatuity to mix himself up. On all these the court have found Barnard guilty of corrupt and illegal conduct, which leaves the counsel in rather an unenviable position. We may add, before passing from the subject, that, if the reporters have not been at their old tricks, the account they give of the "sympathy" expended on Barnard was somewhat odd, and indeed a little repulsive. There is nothing in Barnard's character or antecedents to make his fall pathetic or impressive. He made his appearance in city polities as a drunken Californian loafer and rowdy, and mounted the bench in that character, and has persistently maintained it. So do not let us have any weeping over him, as if it was a Kent or a Story that had come to grief. The only emotion which is now proper is shame, deep and stinging shame, that such a person as he should have for thirteen years sat on the judicial bench of a great commercial city.

General Barlow was accused by the *World*, in a paragraph which the *Tribune* ought to have been ashamed to copy, but did copy, of having compromised or abandoned the suits against Tweed and others, in virtue of an arrangement by which Tweed was to give money and support to the Grant cause—General Barlow being a Grant man. He now writes to say that the suits were postponed solely because Barnard and Cardozo were assigned to the term of the court in which they were to have been tried, and of course denies the arrangement with Tweed, by which that person was to give one million dollars to the Grant campaign fund.

The most important event of the week, if it has really happened—and we see no reason for doubting it, except Democratic and Liberal-Republican reluctance to believe it—is the decision of the Straight Democracy to nominate Mr. Charles O'Conor for the Presidency, and Mr. O'Conor's apparent decision to accept the nomination if tendered him. These Straight Democrats are in many places very sincerely irreconcilable, and will not suffer Greeley as their candidate nor submit to "Liberal" dictation. Such are some of the Southern leaders, high-spirited men, hating subserviency and with a disdain of bartering; and such, too, are some of the Northern Democratic doctrinaires and apostles, like Mr. Chauncey Burr, or Mr. McMasters, who probably can demonstrate to his own satisfaction that every father of the church was and is and will be a Democrat, because to be anything else is to be impervious to Catholic truth, "a child of the revolution," and exposed to danger of eternal darkness. Other Straight-outs, as they call themselves, or Stay-outs, as the Greeleyites call them, are in the movement because they cannot take Grant and the Republicans, and they hate the surrender of the time-honored and untarred principles for the sake of getting office for their office-holders, for most of whom these gentlemen have no respect. A Democrat who is such because he believes in the good old days of Benton and bullion, free-trade and sailors' rights, looks with some disgust on the Hoffmans and Oakey Halls, and cares very little for assisting them into places. Scattered specimens of these—the "legal-minded" Democracy—are everywhere to be found, while the Southern irreconcilables in the States of West Virginia, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee are probably still more numerous.

Numerous also is another class of Straight Democrats, and it bids fair to play an important part in the election in case the Louisville

movement really comes to anything, as is by no means unlikely. We refer, we need hardly say, to the trading Democracy of this city and State, led by the "Apollo Hall" leaders. Greeley and Brown would go out of this county and Kings with a majority decidedly reduced from one of Hoffman's and Tweed's day were Apollo Hall, with all its constituency, American and foreign, to have the support of a national nomination and the prestige of Mr. O'Conor's name—the name of a sachem in reformed Tammany. Mr. O'Conor would also, it is probable, secure the votes of many men either Republican in politics or having hardly any politics at all, who can support neither Grant nor Greeley. This is a class quite large in this city, and it holds Mr. O'Conor in high and, as all the country knows, in thoroughly deserved respect.

On the whole, "the great tidal wave" may be said, speaking Hibernically, to hang fire a little this week, though the contest is very active in Maine, and active too in the West, where Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Morton are giving assiduous attention to their personal affairs, and with the help of the various candidates are getting the people out in large numbers at barbecues and mass-meetings. But there is a cessation of "defections" and "accessions," the truth being that the men who were in the intrigue from the first and the more incautious of the fence politicians have already announced their choice, while the cautious politicians, and that body of the rank and file which likes to be on the winning side, are waiting for decisive election returns. Then, too, a depressing effect is exercised by a letter which Mr. Greeley is charged with having written, and in which he gave it as his opinion that he could carry New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, but that the rest of the work must be done in the West. These are all November States, however, and as things look now, the contest will be practically settled in October, when elections will be held in Pennsylvania, which Mr. Greeley, it is alleged, does not claim, Indiana, and Ohio. Let these States go for Grant, and prophecy-making as to Connecticut and New Hampshire will be more feasible than necessary. As for Maine, which votes next month, and to which public attention is now directed, there is much speech-making and canvassing, Mr. Greeley having himself been on the stump in the most doubtful of the Congressional districts, and the party orators and workers orating and working their best incessantly. Both sides profess confidence, the Greeleyites in reducing the Republican majority and in securing one, perhaps two, and perhaps three Congressmen; the regular Republicans in enlarging Governor Perham's and Speaker Blaine's majorities. It is early yet to predict, but we judge that the Grant men will have votes enough; not too many, doubtless, but enough probably. It was never easier to distrust the correspondents and their figures, nor perhaps easier for them to be deceived, for there is much more than the usual muddle. We think it rational to expect a pretty close contest and a Regular Republican victory.

Mr. Greeley, after confining himself for some weeks to commonplaces, has made a set and carefully prepared speech, answering certain charges against him, and explaining his position on various points. The managers have kept him very close until now, holding him by the coat-tails or by the arms on nearly every occasion when the temptation to unbosom himself seemed strong. He denies in the broadest manner that he has promised any office to anybody, either before or after the Cincinnati Convention, in consideration of his support, or that anybody, North or South, has asked him for office, except a "few of the small fry of politicians," who have suggested that the promise of a few post-offices might help him; and he gives formal notice that he will not consider the claims of these applicants "till the more modest and reticent have been fully satisfied"; he declares, moreover, that he will not confine his appointments to Republicans, but that all who adhere to the Cincinnati platform will have a fair share. He denies also that any Southern man or woman has ever asked of him any pledge or promise with regard to the payment of the Confederate debt or the pensioning of rebel soldiers, or that he ever made any, and expresses

the hope that, between November 5 and March 5, the "thieving carpet-baggers" of the South will take to flight, as Bullock of Georgia has done. Why or on what compulsion they will take to flight, or what he can do to them if elected, he does not explain. The main object of the speech seems to be to reassure those who were afraid the "new deal" would be narrow in its operation.

The *Tribune* is very hard on Senator Wilson because he was once a sort of Know-Nothing and is now ashamed of it and seeks to conceal it. The fact is, that we set apart a class of men to do the work of politics who in most cases have, at least in the early part of their career, to make a profession of it and live by it, as Senator Wilson had. Now they cannot live by it unless they can get elected to some office, and they cannot get elected to any office without being on the side of the majority. To find fault with a politician, then, for having been on the side of the majority, or what he thought was the side of the majority, is to find fault with him for following his calling. If it could be shown that Senator Wilson staid among the Know-Nothings after he had found they were losing ground, it would be a serious charge against him, as it would imply professional incompetency; but this the *Tribune* does not venture to assert. Mr. Wilson and all other politicians practise their profession under the rules prescribed by the public, and one of these rules makes a politician who has no party at his back, or only a small one, a ridiculous and helpless object—a failure, in short. We ought to add, too, that any one who formed his opinion of Senator Wilson from reading the *Tribune* during the last twelve years, would consider him one of the wisest, purest, and ablest of men. It is, therefore, confusing to learn now from the same source that he is a schemer, a hypocrite, and a foolish body.

Mr. Frederick Douglass, with a singular want of political perspicacity, persists in looking on the question whether General Grant slighted him in failing to invite him to dinner as a trifling one. He has written another letter to Mr. Langdon, maintaining with great perversity that he was not offended by the omission, and does not mean to be. Mr. Sumner, on the other hand, says that he (Douglass) was offended, and ought to have been. Apart from the deep political significance of the matter, Mr. Sumner's share in the controversy reminds one of the old gentleman in the "Book of Snobs," who used to go to the club for the purpose of finding fault with the cook and the waiters, and used to examine the plates of the young men whom he saw dining, to see if they were properly served. Standing over an unfortunate whom he found quietly and happily eating a chop, he would call the servant and roar, "What do you mean, sir, by giving a gentleman such a chop as that? Do you call *that* a chop, sir? Take it away, sir, instantly!"

The charge of drunkenness at New Haven against Mr. Gratz Brown, which rests on the statement of the hotel clerk, who testifies in detail to frequent consumption of ardent spirits, followed by disorderly and indecent behavior in the office afterwards, has been met by Mr. Brown in a letter, in which he says that "the statement is very erroneous, and in so far as it implies that his habits are intemperate, is unwarranted"; that while at the hotel he was suffering severely from the beginning of a disease which prostrated him on the following day in New York. "It will scarcely be considered," he then adds, "that the application of a stimulant for temporary relief would constitute a departure from that purpose to avoid social indulgence while in the discharge of public duties which has influenced him for some time past;" and he goes on to intimate that he has been a total abstainer "at various intervals" for many years. We find it a little difficult to make out the meaning of all this, but we take it to be that, while the statement of the clerk was correct as to the main fact, it was erroneous as to some of the incidents, and that what liquor Mr. Brown took during the evening he took as defence against premonitory symptoms of cholera; that when engaged in the discharge of official duties he takes nothing stronger

than water. We have no wish to press hard on him in this matter, but it is a very serious matter, and after what happened on the 4th of March, 1864, calls for plain speech. We feel obliged to say, therefore, that the frequency with which attacks of certain classes of diseases are now put forward as an excuse for intoxication, has deprived that plea of its value. A man who is liable to get drunk every time he has a toothache or stomach-ache, or a touch of neuralgia, is therefore not fit for high and conspicuous public office, and ought not to be entrusted with it; and it would be a proper and graceful thing for Mr. Brown to withdraw his infirmities from public discussion by withdrawing his name from the Greeley ticket.

The exact figures of the French Loan, which we gave last week, somewhat roughly, are as follows: The sum required was \$700,000,000; the sum subscribed was \$8,200,000,000, or not quite twelve times as much. Of this Paris took \$2,635,000,000; the Departments \$835,000,000; foreign countries, principally England and Germany, \$4,730,000,000. The result, apart from the revelation it makes of the prodigious wealth of the French middle and laboring classes, is looked upon generally by European politicians as making the duration of "the Republic" certain, as it is tantamount to a confirmation by the popular vote; indeed, it is a stronger confirmation than any ordinary popular vote could give, as in reality every subscriber not only expresses his satisfaction but backs his opinion with money. Still the subscription to the loan also means, and perhaps more than anything else, confidence in the endurance and solvency of the French nation, no matter what may be the form of government; and in talking of the "French Republic," it is always well to bear in mind that there is nothing republican about it, in our sense of the word, but the absence of a king.

As regards the social future of France, the report of M. Legoyt, the well-known statistician, on "the movement of population" in that country, is again attracting attention. He says that all over Europe, but particularly in France, there has been during the last twenty-five years a steady decline in the proportions of births to marriages, and that this decline bears a certain relation to the growth of wealth and the spread of comfort. In France, however, the proportion of children born out of wedlock has during the last ten years increased, while that of children born in wedlock has diminished and is diminishing, and this last fact was accounted for, at a meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, by the growth of the practice among girls in the country districts of qualifying themselves to act as wet-nurses to the Parisian children, at the cost of their character. This brought out some curious details as to the "wet-nurse industry" (*industrie nourricière*). It appears that of 53,000 children, in round numbers, born in Paris in a year, 20,000 are sent at once to nurses in the country. Of those which are kept at home, 24 per cent. die in their first year; of those sent to the country, 20 per cent.

The tenant riot in Germany, of which our correspondent gives some account on another page, is exciting a good deal of attention and some uneasiness, as all troubles among the laboring classes now do, inasmuch as all discontent is believed, and rightly believed, to be so much gain to the socialists, who are now working harder in Germany than they have ever worked in France, and are likely, if they ever gain headway in Germany, to be far more dangerous than they ever have been in France. Moreover, emigration is reported to be assuming enormous proportions among the flower of the German country population—even the faithful and stalwart Pomeranians, who furnish the pink and pride of the Prussian army, leading the way. They are apparently unwilling to share any longer in the military responsibilities of the rising empire, and those who emigrate come from the class on whom Karl Marx's crazy theories would make least impression. These, as developed in his latest work, make all taking of interest on money and profit on capital a "swindle," six hours a natural and lawful day's labor, and

treat all men who do not work with their hands as little better than sneaking rascals.

A curious and interesting contest between a politician and a man of science has just been brought to a close in England, the scientific man being, we are glad to say, triumphant. Dr. Hooker, the famous botanist, is the Superintendent of the famous Kew Gardens, near London, with their Arboretum. Indeed the Gardens, though the property of the Government, are to a great extent the creation of Dr. Hooker, and of his father, Sir William Hooker, who was his predecessor in the same position, and they both not only devoted their lives to them, but have spent considerable sums of money out of their own pocket on them, and over the gardens Dr. Hooker till recently reigned supreme. On the accession of Mr. Ayrton, however, to the position of First Commissioner of Works under Gladstone, things changed. Mr. Ayrton is an active, rather sour-tempered, and overbearing "practical man," who took it into his head that Dr. Hooker was nothing but a botanist, good enough to lecture to ladies' schools, but not to manage a public work—feeling about him, in short, very much as Sweeny and Hilton felt about Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins when the Ring came into power in this city. So he began by lecturing him in very rude fashion, then snubbed him, and finally began to give orders directly to subordinates over Dr. Hooker's head, and, in fact, virtually removed him, all the while goading him with almost insulting language. Hooker bore it as long as it was bearable, and then made known his griefs to his brethren. Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and all the leading men of science at once came to his rescue, and wrote an indignant remonstrance to Mr. Gladstone. The press took up his cause vehemently, and his friends in Parliament, headed by Lord Derby, fell foul of Mr. Ayrton, and the poor man was fairly squelched in a few days, and a "Treasury Minute" published complimenting Dr. Hooker, and restoring him to all his prerogatives and emoluments.

The late revolution in Peru, which will probably prove a great gain to the cause of good government, furnishes a striking illustration of the thinness of the crust of civilization under which the South American Republics exist, and indeed makes their existence, troublous as it is, a matter of some surprise. The time had come for the election of a new President, and Don Manuel Prado seemed likely to be the successful candidate, his leading competitor being the actual President, Balta. Whereupon General Gutierrez, the Minister of War, after having in vain tried to induce the President to join him in a *coup d'état*, determined to make it himself, and began by seizing the President, and dispersing the Congress at the point of the bayonet, Bonaparte fashion. Hearing, shortly after, that his brother had been killed by the mob in the street, he ordered Balta, the President, to be assassinated in the barracks in which he was confined. By this time the people had recovered from their stupefaction, a counter revolution was rapidly rising, and the army began to desert Gutierrez, who attempted to escape in disguise, but was recognized in a shop, and instantly killed and mutilated; and at the date of the last advices, his body, and that of his brother, were dangling, naked and gory, from the tower of the cathedral. The affair has ended well for the cause of good government. Had Louis Napoleon's attempt in 1851 ended similarly, it would have saved France millions of treasure and torrents of blood. The strange part of the story is, however, not that Gutierrez should have tried to overturn the Government—for this was in strict accordance with Peruvian traditions—but that the people should have met the attempt so promptly and sternly. His mistake was probably the murder of Balta, which was the act of a savage, and raises another curious question of South American politics, viz., How is it that these South American politicians, most of whom have been educated abroad, and have learnt the morals andmanners of the most advanced nations, and have an almost velvety softness of exterior, lose so little of their native ferocity, and carry into civil contests so much of the fierce passions of the Pampas?

THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF "REFORM."

WE still continue to receive letters from persons whose minds are troubled by the difficulty of choosing between Grant and Greeley. We have said all we can say to make our own position on this point clear. But one correspondent—a distinguished Pennsylvania soldier, who proved his patriotism by being crippled on the field of battle, and who says he cannot support Greeley, yet cannot see his way clear to supporting Grant—asks us a question which is somewhat novel, and which it is proper to answer at length. He wishes to know whether in our opinion, as in his, the election of Grant will not help to perpetuate the carpet-bag régime, with its attendant horrors and disorders, at the South. The answer is, that the election of Grant will not affect the South in any way, except by preventing the accession to office of a considerable number of the class commonly known as "unrepentant rebels." Upon the legal or political status of any class of citizens at the South, it can exert no influence whatever. The President cannot remove the carpet-baggers or any other class of adventurers. Their position and prospects are now controlled exclusively by the State legislatures and the popular vote. The Scotts, Parkers, and their kind hold office at the South now, and steal the public money, not in virtue of the support they receive from Washington, but in virtue of the ignorance, supineness, and connivance of the Southern constituencies. Since Congress passed the Amnesty measure at the last session, that region has, for all practical purposes, passed into the hands of its own people. Should the debased governments which have grown up there under the Reconstruction acts hereafter hold their ground, it will be a sure sign that they are the natural product of the communities whose affairs they administer; General Grant will be no more responsible for them than for the condition of the government of this city. It is true that General Grant lent his support to the Ku-klux legislation; we should ourselves have liked to see him succeeded by a man deeply enough imbued with the great principles of constitutional government to have opposed that legislation. The person who is offered us, however, by the opposition as his successor did not oppose it; on the contrary, he supported it more heartily than Grant; so that those who fear the effect on the South of the continuance of "Grant's rule" will do well to remember that there are exactly the same reasons, though in a rather stronger form, for fearing the effects of Greeley's rule. Greeley's rule will differ from Grant's, as we have said, solely in the fact that he will probably give a large number of offices to what is called "the rebel element" in Southern society.

It is true that the Cincinnati movement has done something for the South. There can be little doubt that the strong expression of opinion made at the Convention, both in the platform and in the speeches, did frighten Congress at the last hour into passing the Amnesty Act. We advocated in these columns and before the Convention met, the utterance by it of very decided opinions on the whole question of carpet-bag government—not so much in the expectation that it would produce any immediate results at the South, as in the hope that the Convention would found a new political organization which would bring the people back to their allegiance to the great principles of decentralization and local self-government, and revive in them that hearty sense of the necessity of intelligence and honesty to make any government prosperous or tolerable which the war had done so much to obscure. Had the Convention backed up such a protest by the nomination of a candidate devoted to these principles and conspicuous for his advocacy of them, we should undoubtedly be compelled to say, in answer to such questions as our correspondent addresses to us: "It is true that our candidate can exert no more direct legal influence on the condition of the South than Grant can. He must, if elected, obey the law; his election will found a party pledged to hostility to all the theories of government and morals which have brought the South to its present condition, and the elevation to the Presidential chair of a man so well known for his dislike of them as A, or B, or C, will be the best possible proof of the sincerity of the movement, and the best possible guarantee that

the influence of the Administration will be used for four years at least to discourage them and to strengthen and diffuse sounder views of public policy." When, however, instead of this, the Convention nominated the most notorious centralizer in the United States, the most blatant advocate of everything in the direction of centralization which has been proposed in American politics for thirty years, and made the attempt to palm Greeley off on the public as a good antidote for Grant, of course it threw over the relations of the Cincinnati movement to the Southern grieves the air of a rather impudent farce. We therefore say to all doubtful voters, if you are troubled more about the condition of the South than about other things, there is nothing to choose between the candidates as regards the general course of reform; but if you wish to strengthen political purity and decency generally, and disownenance fraud and chicane as instruments of government in all parts of the country, you would do well to vote for Grant.

One has no sooner said this, however, than he feels the necessity of several qualifications and reservations. We do not give up the expectation—indeed, one could not give it up without despairing of the country—of seeing the movement which was perverted at Cincinnati restored to its original direction, and result in the foundation of a real reform party, headed and represented by a genuine and honest reformer. It may be in four years, it may not be for eight. That it must come, and that when it comes it must be irresistible, nobody who sees anything of the doubt, despondency, which prevail among the best men in the community over the condition of our political morals, or who listens to the wails of the better class of Greeleyites at the contemplation of their own precious candidates, can for a moment doubt. Now it would, we think, weaken the demand for reform, and the feeling of its necessity, if people were allowed to suppose that either candidate in the present contest properly represents, or is identified with, the cause of reform. We suppose there are few intelligent men who do not watch their "organs" throwing mud at each other with sorrowful disgust; but then, it is only those who read the newspapers with professional care who know the depth of the cant and humbug which their professions of political virtue and purity cover up. To illustrate this fully would need an article to itself, or indeed half a dozen articles, but we may cite a few before leaving a repulsive subject. The *New York Times*, the other day, produced with much appearance of horror an "exposure" of Senator Doolittle for having obtained a cotton trading permit for a Government clerk during the war, and having made the clerk agree, in a ridiculous letter written by Doolittle himself, to share the profits with him. On reading this, and learning that Doolittle was now a prominent Greeleyite, the simple-minded would naturally suppose that no such men were to be found on the Grant side. But the fact is that even a slight sketch of the doings of Mr. Harlan would make Doolittle's performance seem innocent and pure. Mr. J. M. Ashley was "exposed" a few years ago in the *Times* for conduct decidedly worse, while a member of Congress, and his guilt was affirmed by a committee of Congress; but this did not prevent General Grant appointing him Governor of Montana with the support of Mr. Sumner. It is true he has now gone over to Greeley, but only because the bounty of the Administration was exhausted. In like manner, although the illustrious Banks has cast in his lot with Mr. Greeley, does not General Grant receive the support of the illustrious Butler, who has been "exposed" twice for Banks's once, and who has none of that gilding on his vice which makes Banks at once a terror and a delight? Then, too, to whom is General Sickles faithful if not to his old chief, and surely Sickles's political morals will not bear examination in leaded type. He was appointed by Grant, and with the hearty approval of the stern and austere Greeley, to one of the most important positions in the gift of the Government. Moreover, General Schenck has committed in London an offence, which though not so comic as Mr. Doolittle's, is certainly darker, but General Grant has never reprimanded him for it, and the great "reformer" Mr. Greeley has stoutly defended him. For want of space, we say nothing of Mr. Casey, nor of Mr. G. H. But-

ler, nor of many other well-known characters, for whose weaknesses and errors the Administration is in a greater or less degree responsible. So when laughing over Greeley as a reformer, let us remember that in the other direction the prospect is also tolerably amusing, and that Doolittle is by no means the only sinner in the political world on whom the eye of the righteous can now fall.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND THE JAILS.

THE recent conference held in London, of persons interested in prisons and prison discipline, or "penologists," as they have begun to call themselves, was, singularly enough, originated in this country, where the management of prisons, after having at one time furnished Europe with a model, now lags behind all countries of Western Europe, at least in its management of criminals. The reason of this anomaly is that, while the number of persons among us who are sincerely interested in reforms of all kinds, and who labor for them unceasingly, increases every year, their influence on the various branches of our administrative system does not increase. Our prisons have, in other words, been handed over to politicians, to whom a jail is a place, not in which crime is punished or criminals reformed, but in which a certain number of offices can be found for "energetic workers." This is, of course, not true in the same degree of all States, but it is true in *some* degree of all of them, and there has probably been no worse or more deplorable result of the introduction of "rotation in office." So that the question of prison reform, which to every thinking man is one of the gravest questions of the day, and grows graver as population grows denser, is in reality but a part of the great question of civil-service reform, and the first and best thing for our "penologists" to do, when they come home, is to lend a hand in putting an end to the great abuse which makes even wardenships in jails one of the "spoils" of political victory.

But some good work in the direction of reform has been done in this State by our Prison Association within the last year. Dr. Harris, the Secretary, has at last succeeded in procuring the adoption by the Legislature of an amendment to the Constitution, substituting for the present three elected Inspectors of Prisons, holding office for three years, a board of ten unpaid inspectors, appointed by the Governor, and holding office for ten years, and having complete control of all the prisons of the State. Should this amendment be carried, when submitted two years hence, it will take our prisons "out of politics," and put other persons than energetic Greeley or Grant "workers" into the wardenships, and put the whole prison system of the State into the hands of men really interested in the great problems of criminal justice. Moreover, Dr. Harris has also succeeded, or almost succeeded, in making arrangements with many of the great employers of labor throughout the State by which they agree to give work to a certain number of discharged convicts on their leaving the prison, and keep their secret, and thus, in all probability, restore a majority, at least, to the paths of honesty. There is no reason why this movement should not be indefinitely extended, if the public could be got to interest itself more warmly in the condition of the prisons, or, in other words, in the machinery by which we seek to protect life and property. It is the duty of the police and the district attorney to make sure that the criminals are caught and locked up, but criminals cannot be made into honest men without the co-operation of the community at large.

We must, however, at the same time protest against the tendency which showed itself at the London conference, as it shows itself on all such occasions, and which the humanitarian view of crime, viz., that it is a disease simply, not unnaturally fosters—the tendency to treat the reformation of the criminal as the great end of criminal justice. With all due respect to penologists, this is not the great end of criminal justice. A criminal is seized and shut up, not for his own good, either primarily or secondarily, but for the good of society. We restrain him of his liberty not that we may improve him, but that honest

men may live in peace and security. We have no right, or shadow of right, to lock anybody up because we disapprove of his character, and think that if we get him completely into our power we may mend it, and the preaching of any doctrine which helps to spread any such notion as to the relations of society to the individual is, to say the least, at this juncture very likely to do mischief. The only good reasons we can give a thief for carrying him off to jail are two in number—first, that we may prevent him from stealing for a greater or less period, and, secondly, that we may so associate stealing in his mind and in that of spectators with disagreeable consequences, that they may dread to steal hereafter. In other words, in all our dealings with thieves, the security of the honest and industrious ought to be our first and great concern. The anxiety about the thief's moral condition and the disposition to treat him simply or chiefly as a sick man to be doctored, and not as a culprit to be deterred, which finds vent so frequently in humanitarian literature, though it has its good side, is too often the direct product of that habit of trying to "look at the world as God looks at it," to use their own phrase, or, in other words, of considering themselves as in a certain sense divine beings, into which so many of our Sentimentalist friends have of late years fallen. Once you have worked yourself into the belief that in your dealings with a criminal you act, not as the representative of a community of hard-working human beings, trying to protect themselves against fraud and violence, but as the representative of the Creator of the universe, showing mercy to fallen man, of course the temptation to tinker the criminal's heart and try moral experiments on him, and forget all about the person whose hard earnings he filched, or whose throat he cut, becomes irresistible.

We should be sorry to have it supposed, however, that we do not think punishment, or, in other words, deterring measures, ought to be accompanied in all cases by assiduous and energetic attempts to turn the criminal out of prison a better and wiser man than when he entered it. But this, as a century of experience has shown, can only be done by fortifying him against temptation. Under lock and key, however, he is exposed to none of the ordinary temptations of life, and therefore he cannot mend and does not mend. The Irish system, which tries him by actual contact with the world, and only lets him go when he has shown by contact with the world that he can successfully resist the commoner temptations to relapse, is now almost universally recognized to be the only one which produces the smallest valuable result. But it cannot be tried here with our present civil service. It needs a trained, upright, experienced, and careful body of officials to work it, and these we have not got and cannot have until we make merit the strongest title to office and make tenure dependent on good behavior. In no field of our administration does the present system appear so badly as in our prisons, and in no department of its affairs is the responsibility of the community so great; a people who would hand its criminals over to the care of "scallawags" and adventurers certainly must sing and pray in vain. Criminals are not patients to be doctored; but they are often unfortunates to be helped; they are the stragglers and shirkers and weaklings of the great army of civilization, whom we cannot allow to maraud, but whom we have no right to sell into slavery.

A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

IV.—WELLS AND SALISBURY.

THE pleasantest things in life, and perhaps the rarest, are its agreeable surprises. Things are often worse than we expect to find them, and when they are better, we may mark the day with a white stone. These reflections are as pertinent to the fortunes of man as a tourist as to any other phase of his destiny, and I recently had occasion to make them in the ancient city of Wells. I knew in a general way that it had a grand cathedral to show, but I was far from suspecting the precious picturesqueness of the little town. The immense predominance of the minster towers, as you see them from the approaching train, over the clustered houses at their feet, gives you indeed

an intimation of it, and suggests that the city is nothing if not ecclesiastical; but I can wish the traveller no better fortune than to stroll forth in the early evening with as large a reserve of ignorance as my own, and treat himself to an hour of discoveries. I was lodged on the edge of Cathedral Green, and I had only to pass beneath one of the three crumbling Priory Gates which enclose it, and cross the vast grassy oval, to stand before a minster-front which ranks among the first three or four in England. Wells Cathedral is extremely fortunate in being approached by this wide green level, on which the spectator may loiter and stroll to and fro, and shift his standpoint to his heart's content. The spectator who doesn't hesitate to avail himself of his privilege of unlimited fastidiousness might indeed pronounce it too isolated for perfect picturesqueness—too uncontrasted with the profane architecture of the human homes for which it pleads to the skies. But, in fact, Wells is not a city with a Cathedral for a central feature; but a Cathedral with a little city gathered at its base, and forming hardly more than an extension of its spacious Close. You feel everywhere the presence of the beautiful church; the place seems always to savor of a Sunday afternoon; and you fancy that every house is tenanted by a canon, a prebendary, or a precentor.

The great *façade* is remarkable not so much for its expanse as for its elaborate elegance. It consists of two great truncated towers, divided by a broad centre bearing beside its rich fretwork of statuary three narrow lancet windows. The statues on this vast front are the great boast of the Cathedral. They number, with the lateral figures of the towers, no less than three hundred; it seems densely embroidered by the chisel. They are disposed in successive niches, along six main vertical shafts; the central windows are framed and divided by narrower shafts, and the wall above them rises into a pinnacled screen, traversed by two superb horizontal rows. Add to these a close-running cornice of images along the line corresponding with the summit of the aisles, and the tiers which complete the decoration of the towers on either side, and you have an immense system of images, governed by a quaint theological order and most impressing in its completeness. Many of the little high-lodged effigies are mutilated, and not a few of the niches are empty, but the injury of time is not sufficient to diminish the noble serenity of the building. The injury of time is indeed being handsomely repaired, for the front is partly masked by a slender scaffolding. The props and platforms are of the most delicate structure, and look in fact as if they were meant to facilitate no more ponderous labor than a fitting-on of noses to disfigured bishops, and a rearrangement of the mantle-folds of strait-laced queens, discomposed by the centuries. The main beauty of Wells Cathedral, to my mind, is not its more or less visible wealth of detail, but its singularly charming tone of color. An even, sober, mouse-colored gray covers it from summit to base, deepening nowhere to the melancholy black of your truly romantic Gothic, but showing, as yet, none of the spotty brightness of "restoration." It is a wonderful fact that the great towers, from their lofty outlook, see never a factory chimney—those cloud-compelling spires which so often break the charm of the softest English horizons; and the general atmosphere of Wells seemed to me, for some reason, peculiarly luminous and sweet. The Cathedral has never been discolored by the moral malaria of a city with an independent secular life. As you turn back from its portal and glance at the open lawn before it, edged by the mild gray Elizabethan Deanery and the dwellings hardly less stately which seem to reflect in their comfortable fronts the rich respectability of the church, and then up again at the beautiful clear-hued pile, you may fancy it less a temple for man's needs than a monument of his pride—less a fold for the flock than for the shepherds—a visible sign that beside the actual assortment of heavenly thrones, there is constantly on hand a choice lot of cushioned cathedral stalls. Within the Cathedral this impression is not diminished. The interior is vast and massive, but it lacks incident—the incident of monuments, sepulchra, and chapels—and it is too brilliantly lighted for picturesque, as distinguished from strictly architectural, interest. Under this latter head it has, I believe, great importance. For myself, I can think of it only as I saw it from my place in the choir during afternoon service of a hot Sunday. The Bishop sate facing me, enthroned in a stately Gothic alcove, and clad in his crimson band, his *manches bouffantes*, and his lavender gloves; the canons, in their degree, with the archdeacons, as I suppose, reclined comfortably in the carven stalls, and the scanty congregation fringed the broad aisle. But though scanty, the congregation was select; it was unexceptionably black-coated, bonneted, and gloved. It savored intensely, in short, of that inexorable gentility which the English put on with their Sunday bonnets and beavers, and which fills me—as a purely sentimental tourist—with a sort of fond reactionary remembrance of those animated bundles of rags which one sees kneeling in the churches of Italy. But even here, as a purely sentimental tourist, I found my account: one always does in some little corner in England. Before me and beside

me sat a row of the comeliest young men, clad in black gowns, and wearing on their shoulders long hoods trimmed with white fur. Who and what they were I know not, for I preferred not to learn, lest by chance they should not be as mediæval as they looked.

My fancy found its account even better in the singular quaintness of the little precinct known as the Vicars' Close. It directly adjoins the Cathedral Green, and you enter it beneath one of the solid old gate-houses which form so striking an element in the ecclesiastical furniture of Wells. It consists of a narrow, oblong court, bordered on each side with thirteen small dwellings, and terminating in a ruinous little chapel. Here formerly dwelt a congregation of Vicars, established in the thirteenth century to do curates' work for the canons. The little houses are very much modernized; but they retain their tall chimneys, with carved tablets in the face, their antique compactness and neatness, and a certain little sanctified air, as of cells in a cloister. The place is deliciously picturesque, and approaching it as I did, in the first dimness of twilight, it looked to me, in its exaggerated perspective, like one of those "streets" represented on the stage, down whose impossible vista the heroes and confidants of romantic comedies come swaggering arm-in-arm, and hold amorous converse with the heroines at second-story windows. But though the Vicars' Close is a curious affair enough, the great boast of Wells is its Episcopal Palace. The Palace loses nothing from being seen for the first time in the kindly twilight, and from being approached with an unexpectant mind. To reach it (unless you go from within the Cathedral by the cloisters), you pass out of the Green by another ancient gateway into the market-place, and thence back again through its own peculiar portal. My own first glimpse of it had all the felicity of a *coup de théâtre*. I saw within the dark archway an enclosure bedimmed at once with the shadows of trees and heightened with the glitter of water. The picture was worthy of this agreeable promise. Its main feature is the little gray-walled island on which the Palace stands, rising in feudal fashion out of a broad, clear moat, flanked with round towers, and approached by a proper drawbridge. Along the outer side of the moat is a short walk beneath a row of picturesquely stunted elms; swans and ducks disport themselves in the current and ripple the bright shadows of the overclambering plants from the episcopal gardens and masses of purple valerian lodged on the hoary battlements. On the evening of my visit, the haymakers were at work on a great sloping field in the rear of the Palace, and the sweet perfume of the tumbled grass in the dusky air seemed all that was wanting to fix the scene for ever in the memory. Beyond the moat, and within the gray walls, dwells my Lord Bishop, in the finest palace in England. The mansion dates from the thirteenth century; but, stately dwelling though it is, it occupies but a subordinate place in its own grounds. Their great ornament, picturously speaking, is the massive ruin of a banqueting-hall, erected by a free-living mediæval bishop, and more or less demolished at the Reformation. With its still perfect towers and beautiful shapely windows, hung with those green tapestries so stoutly woven by the English climate, it is a relic worthy of being locked away behind an embattled wall. I have among my impressions of Wells, besides this picture of the moated Palace, half a dozen memories of the pictorial sort, which I lack space to transcribe. The clearest impression, perhaps, is that of the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, of the same date as the Cathedral, and in very much the same style of elegant, temperate Early English. It wears one of the high-soaring towers for which Somersetshire is justly celebrated, as you may see from the window of the train as you roll past its almost top-heavy hamlets. The beautiful old church, surrounded with its green graveyard, and large enough to be impressive, without being too large (a great merit, to my sense) to be easily compassed by a deplorably unarchitectural eye, wore a native English expression, to which certain humble figures in the foreground gave additional point. On the edge of the churchyard was a low-gabled house, before which four old men were gossiping in the eventide. Into the front of the house was inserted an antique alcove in stone, divided into three shallow little seats, two of which were occupied by extraordinary specimens of decrepitude. One of these ancient paupers had a huge protuberant forehead and sat with a pensive air, his head gathered painfully upon his twisted shoulders, and his legs resting across his crutch. The other was rubicund, blear-eyed, and frightfully besmeared with snuff. Their voices were so feeble and senile that I could scarcely understand them, and only just managed to make out the answer to my enquiry of who and what they were—"We're Still's Almshouse sir."

One of the lions, almost, of Wells (whence it is but five miles distant) is the ruin of the famous Abbey of Glastonbury, on which Henry VIII., in the language of our day, came down so heavily. The ancient splendor of the architecture survives, but in scattered and scanty fragments, among influences of a rather inharmonious sort. It was cattle-market in the little town as I passed up the main street, and a savor of hoofs and hide seemed

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to accompany me through the simple labyrinth of the old arches and piers. These occupy a large back-yard close behind the street, to which you are most prosaically admitted by a young woman who keeps a wicket and sells tickets. The continuity of tradition is not altogether broken, however, for the little street of Glastonbury has rather an old-time aspect, and one of the houses at least must have seen the last of the Abbots ride abroad on his mule. The little inn is a capital bit of picturesqueness, and as I waited for the bus under its low dark archway (in something of the mood, possibly, in which a train was once waited for at Coventry), and watched the barmaid flirting her way to and fro out of the heavy-browed kitchen and among the lounging young appraisers of colts and steers and barmaids, I might have imagined that the merry England of the Tudors was not utterly dead. A beautiful England this must have been as well, if it contained many such abbeys as Glastonbury. Such of the ruined columns and portals and windows as still remain are of admirable design and finish. The doorways are rich in marginal ornament—ornament within ornament, as it often is; for the dainty weeds and wild flowers overlace the antique tracery with their bright arabesques and deepen the gray of the stonework, as it brightens their bloom. The thousand flowers which grow among English ruins deserve a chapter to themselves. I owe them, as an observer, a heavy debt of satisfaction, but I am too little of a botanist to pay them in their own coin. It has often seemed to me in England that the purest enjoyment of architecture was to be had among the ruins of great buildings. In the perfect building one is rarely sure that the impression is simply architectural: it is more or less pictorial and sentimental; it depends partly upon association and partly upon various accessories and details which, however they may be wrought into harmony with the architectural idea, are not part of its essence of spirit. But in so far as beauty of structure is beauty of line and curve, balance and harmony of masses and dimensions, I have seldom relished it as deeply as on the grassy nave of some crumbling church, before lonely columns and empty windows, where the wild flowers were a cornice and the cloudy sky a roof. The arts certainly have a common element. These hoary relics of Glastonbury reminded me in their broken eloquence of one of the other great ruins of the world—the "Last Supper" of Leonardo. A beautiful shadow, in each case, is all that remains; but that shadow is the artist's thought.

Salisbury Cathedral, to which I made a pilgrimage on leaving Wells, is the very reverse of a ruin, and you take your pleasure there on very different grounds from those I have just attempted to define. It is perhaps the best known cathedral in the world, thanks to its shapely spire; but the spire is so simply and obviously fair that when you have frankly made your bow to it you have anticipated aesthetic analysis. I had seen it before and admired it heartily, and perhaps I should have done as well to let my admiration rest. I confess that on repeated inspection it grew to seem to me the least bit *banal*, as the French say, and I began to consider whether it doesn't belong to the same range of art as the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus de' Medici. I incline to think that if I had to live within sight of a cathedral and encounter it in my daily comings and goings, I should grow less weary of the rugged black front of Exeter than of the sweet perfection of Salisbury. There are people who become easily satiated with blonde beauties, and Salisbury Cathedral belongs, if I may say so, to the order of blondes. The other lions of Salisbury, Stonehenge and Wilton House, I revisited with undiminished interest. Stonehenge is rather a hackneyed shrine of pilgrimage. At the time of my former visit a picnic party was making libations of beer on the dreadful altar-sites. But the mighty mystery of the place has not yet been stared out of countenance, and as on this occasion there were no picnickers, we were left to drink deep of the harmony of its solemn isolation and its unrecorded past. It stands as lonely in history as it does on the great plain, whose many-tinted green waves, as they roll away from it, seem to symbolize the ebb of the long centuries which have left it so portentously unexplained. You may put a hundred questions to these rough-hewn giants as they bend in grim contemplation of their fallen companions; but your curiosity falls dead in the vast sunny stillness that enshrouds them, and the strange monument, with all its unspoken memories, becomes simply a heart-stirring picture in a land of pictures. It is indeed immensely picturesque. At a distance, you see it standing in a shallow dell of the plain, looking hardly larger than a group of ten-pins on a bowling-green. I can fancy sitting all a summer's day watching its shadows shorten and lengthen again, and drawing a delicious contrast between the world's duration and the feeble span of individual experience. There is something in Stonehenge almost reassuring, and if you are disposed to feel that life is a rather superficial matter, and that we soon get to the bottom of things, the immemorial gray pillars may serve to remind you of the enormous background of Time. Salisbury is indeed rich in antiquities. Wilton House, a most comely old residence of the Earl of Pembroke, preserves a noble collection of Greek and

Roman marbles. These are ranged round a charming cloister, occupying the centre of the house, which is exhibited in the most liberal fashion. Out of the cloister opens a series of drawing-rooms hung with family portraits, chiefly by Van Dyck, all of superlative merit. Among them hangs supreme, as the Van Dyck *par excellence*, the famous and magnificent group of the whole Pembroke family of James I.'s time. This splendid work has every pictorial merit—design, color, elegance, force, and finish, and I have been vainly wondering to this hour what it needs to be the finest piece of portraiture, as it surely is one of the most ambitious, in the world. What it lacks, characteristically, in a certain uncompromising solidity it recovers in the beautiful dignity of its position—unmoved from the stately house in which its authors sojourned and wrought, familiar to the descendants of its noble originals.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 25, 1872.

THE approaching end of the Parliamentary session is celebrated in England by a barbarous practice bequeathed to us from former ages. I hope for their own sakes that none of your readers ever attended a banquet, as the hideous ceremony is called, in the city of London. If such should ever be their hard fate, let them pray that it be not in the summer. For in that eminent and honorable city there linger still traditions derived from the last century. The vast eating and drinking of our forefathers is a puzzle to most modern readers. Where did the two-bottle heroes get the digestions which carried them in triumph through the swinish gormandizing represented on Hogarth's canvas? M. Taine, I believe, can explain that, and, indeed, everything else, by talking a little about the race and the climate. Something, however, might be added even to his explanations by a course of experimental enquiry in the city. The rich old companies still enjoy large revenues, into the distribution of which no human creature presumes to pry. They do not like, one supposes, to apply them to useful purposes, lest they should be appropriated by school boards, or guardians, or other diabolical inventions of the present day. Accordingly, they are obliged to eat and drink them; and human nature of the non-aldermanic variety shrinks from contemplating the scenes that are produced by a resolution to proportion a feast not to appetite or to æsthetic considerations, but to a certain predetermined and monstrous scale of expenditure. The Lord Mayor's dinners are not, indeed, regulated in this fashion, but their style savors of their place of origin. They are of the heavy and florid order; there hangs about them a kind of turtle-soup atmosphere; if wise, you should take with you a plan for picking your way judiciously through the labyrinth of dishes, for a direct assault will undoubtedly reduce you in very short space to utter prostration. When after dinner you are giving thanks for your escape from suffocation and subside into that stolid peace of mind which is ominous of a coming headache, Her Majesty's ministers are dragged forth to make sport for you, jaded with the cares and excitements of the session, overpowered with the heavy pomposities and elaborate overfeeding to which they have just been sacrificed. They rise and endeavor to say something which shall sound as if it had a meaning, and which shall really mean as little as possible. Of that art Mr. Gladstone is an acknowledged master; he can take as long in passing a given point as any known orator, and yet there is a fine moral unction about all that he says which sometimes leaves you with the impression that you are a wiser and a better man for having listened to him.

On Wednesday last he talked a column of good platitudes about the Geneva arbitration and the great heart of England which was admirably adapted for the occasion and brought down the cheers of the wearied guests. Upon these topics, however, I have nothing particular to say. We are all glad that the Geneva arbitration is on its legs again, and I have every reason to believe that the heart of England is in its normal condition. A speech rather more to my immediate purpose was delivered by Hon. Mr. Bruce, a gentleman whom everybody likes and respects, and who is also more unanimously denounced than any one of his colleagues, with the single exception of Mr. Ayrton. Mr. Ayrton indeed is denounced because he is always treading upon everybody's toes with obvious delight in the process; whereas Mr. Bruce is denounced because he has so great a dislike to treading on any one's toes that he is inclined to be an over-pliable minister. On the present occasion, he had to speak on behalf of the House of Commons, and he did it with much spirit. Parliament, he said, has passed some four thousand acts during the reign of her present Majesty, although complaints are made of its going too slowly. It attends to the largest and the smallest subjects; it concerns itself with the affairs which occupy two hemispheres, and with affairs which would be fitter for a vestry. It determines the fate of vast populations in India and investigates the conduct of a policeman who hap-

pens to break a man's head at Bethnal Green; it passes laws for the protection of the laboring population against themselves and their employers, and laws to provide against the extermination of sparrows. This is a very inadequate expression of the truth, and it explains, amongst other things, why the immense mass of legislation which is executed still leaves Parliament open to the charge of being behind its work. It attends, in fact, to so many things which are not its business that it has no time to spare for things which are its business.

A cry is being now raised by the Radicals against over-legislation. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who has recently developed into a very full-blown Radical indeed, has been expatiating upon this subject; he gave as an example a bill which has recently been brought in to force railway companies to provide foot-warmers for their passengers. It is, indeed, absurd that the progress of legislation—say on land-laws or education—should be stopped, as it constantly is, by such preposterous discussions about the pettiest details. And it is evident that however much Radicals may cry out, they are indirectly doing much to increase the evil. There is a constantly increasing demand from constituents that the state should extend its sphere of action. The assumption of telegraphs by the state has undoubtedly been a great success. There is a cheap and uniform tariff all over the country; the number of offices has been very largely increased; and, on the whole, the service is performed much more regularly and efficiently. Now an agitation is being set on foot for the purchase of the Irish railways by the state. If that is carried out, there seems to be no reason why the same principle should not be applied in England. Indeed, the power which is beginning to be exercised by the great companies, now that they have found out the policy of combining instead of competing, gives a very plausible reason for entrusting it rather to public officials than to private persons, whose interest is far from identical with that of the public. The lowest class of voter is much more anxious that certain things should be done than that they should be done according to orthodox political theory; and it is very natural that he should use his vote to bring about the result he desires without bothering himself by theories as to centralization and local self-government. Without going into too general a discussion, there can be no doubt that the current is setting in this direction, in spite of the occasional protests of men like Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Fawcett. The appeals for Government interference increase on all sides, and every such appeal throws more work on the already over-taxed strength of Parliament. We have just had our annual testimony to the fact in the process known as "the slaughter of the innocents." Ministers, that is, have given notice of their intention to abandon a large number of the measures which they had been sanguine enough to introduce at the opening of the session. The same ceremony takes place to a greater or less extent every year; and besides the official slaughter, private members suddenly acquire unusual power of obstruction at this period of the session. Poor Mr. Cardwell is suffering in consequence. His plan of army reform, which was received with general applause, involved, like all other plans of reform, a considerable expenditure at the outset. Besides the eight millions which had to be paid for the abolition of purchase, large sums had to be provided for the new scheme of localizing the forces. We are, as you may remember, more or less imitating the Prussian system; and the country is to be divided into a number of military districts, within each of which the army, the militia, and the volunteers are to be brought into close relations, instead of being, as hitherto, disconnected and even competing forces. This change involves the building of barracks and a preliminary expense of some three millions. Of course, the expense is only preliminary; that is always understood in all plans of reform, and, ultimately, we shall pay less for a more efficient army. Now, a few Radicals refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer. They maintain that we pay fifteen millions annually for an army too small to be of use on the Continent and too large for home purposes, and they insist upon retrenchment. Mr. Gladstone, in his great electioneering campaign before the last general election, was indeed weak enough to talk about retrenchment, and some people seem to have taken him seriously. Moreover, there is an impression abroad that his military centres will be rather nuisances than otherwise. Some of the towns in which it is proposed to place them declare that the presence of a large garrison has a demoralizing effect. Various officers and military chaplains have indeed asserted with much emphasis that the British army is the most moral part of the population, and that it exerts an elevating and purifying influence upon every place where it resides. I fear that this is pitching the note a little too high. The British army is a very excellent body of men in some ways; but anybody who knows what a young Englishman—I need not perhaps confine myself to one nationality—is between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, or thereabouts, may guess pretty well what are the ordinary consequences of bringing together some hundreds of such lads, and giving them several hours of idleness in the course of every day. I have never ob-

served, in fact, that the British soldier, much as I respect him, generally exercises an elevating and purifying influence on the British maid-servant. Be that as it may, Mr. Cardwell's proposal, though the soundness of its principles is generally admitted from a military point of view, has given offence to a good many people, and he has unluckily been beguiled by his sense of security to allow it to be put off to the end of the session. The consequence is that its opponents can easily talk it to death, though they are in a small minority. They have allies in every private member who has some crotchet on his hands, for which he has not been able to obtain a hearing in the course of the session. Several hours, for example, were wasted last night in an utterly fruitless discussion on the propriety of capital punishment. No practical conclusion could be anticipated from it, and the bill introduced for the abolition of the penalty was of course thrown out by a large majority. Indeed, just at present, owing to Mr. Bruce's indiscreet remissions of sentences and some other causes, hanging is rather popular in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, poor Mr. Cardwell's bill is in grievous danger; and if it breaks down, the most effective measure of army reform hitherto proposed will be postponed for another year.

THE TENANT RIOT.

BERLIN, July 30, 1872.

If the exaggerated stories with which couriers had filled the ears of American travellers just arriving at Berlin have caught the wings of the telegraph, one may expect to see in New York papers columns of enormous capitals, "Great riot in Berlin; troops called out; houses demolished; rise of the commune; war of labor and capital; international revolution." Such phrases have already begun to take shape, and they will of course grow by repetition. There has been a serious breach of the peace, which cost some damage to persons and property, and threatened to become a wild riot; but it had no political motive and no clearly defined purpose. Yet, as an accidental kindling of mob fury, it shows what combustible materials are lying loose around us.

In the region of Wallner's theatre, in the northeastern part of the city, is a densely peopled quarter, occupied chiefly by workingmen and their families. Here the pressure of rent has caused much suffering, and the dread of further exactions from the landlords has raised the question of combined resistance. Two or three incidents following in close succession last week, brought the question of tenant *vs.* landlord to a peremptory crisis. The first was a police order forbidding the erection of any more barracks outside the city. Many of the poor had become "squatters." They had betaken themselves to vacant lots, and with rejected railway wagons and loose timber had built rows of shanties, where men, women, and children were huddled together in indecent squalor. But the fire-laws and the health-laws (cholera impending) have been applied to stay such proceedings in the future, and the workman, if ousted by his landlord, sees nothing before him but the overcrowded poor-house. Of course there was the more need that landlords should walk warily.

But just at this moment came the second incident. A poor tenant sought to reduce his rent by sub-letting one of his mean apartments. Now, by law and by contract, sub-letting requires the previous consent of the landlord; and this not having been asked, the landlord proceeded to evict the chief tenant, retaining, of course, the "advance" rent. The court being appealed to, decided for the landlord. The poor tenant, finding himself upon the pavement, with his family and household goods, and no home in prospect, maddened at sight of the landlord complacently looking on, seized said landlord neck and heels, shut him up in a huge chest at hand, by his son's help lifted the chest upon the cart, and would probably have emptied the load into the Spree had not the cries and struggles of the victim brought the police to his relief. Thisfeat caused much exultation among the *Leute* (as the common people call themselves), and I suspect that half Berlin chuckled over such an ingenious method of bringing a landlord to close quarters.

Next day, another tenant in the same region was obliged to move, through inability to pay his rent. He had gathered his effects on the pavement, when a dispute arose between him and the wagoner as to the price of transportation, and the wagoner drove away. The neighbors knew nothing of the merits of the case; the sight of a family and furniture in the open street was to them proof positive of forcible ejection; the cry, "eviction, eviction," ran through the streets; a crowd gathered and saluted the landlord with volleys of abusive cries and with threats of revenge. This was on Thursday, and continued far into the night. On Friday the crowd increased, and made such demonstrations of violence that the police, and finally the armed guard, were summoned to disperse them. To the summons of the authorities the crowd responded with brickbats, bottles, sticks, dirt, and stones. There was one attempt to build a barricade. Lamps and windows

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were broken, and a guardsman and a police-lieutenant were seriously injured. Two houses, from which stones were thrown, were seized by the guards and emptied of their inmates, many being wounded in the fray. Of course the Internationals and other demagogues will seek to make political capital out of the affair; and it certainly threatens new complications between capital and labor. Workingmen will not consent to be turned homeless into the street, nor submit to see their fellows so treated. The mob reached its height on Saturday at midnight, and on Sunday the police had quiet possession of the streets.

A curious commentary upon this state of things was a great ball given on Sunday in the same neighborhood, as a jollification over the success of the recent strike for reduced hours and increased pay. And as an illustration of what comes of this new concession to the "rights of labor," I may mention that on Monday morning I had urgent need of a plumber to stop a leak which threatened mischief to my neighbors as well as myself. But the "boss" told me he could not command the services of his men till after noon on Monday. They quit work on Saturday at noon, have all day Sunday, will do nothing on Monday morning—but cannot pay their rent, and will pull down the house about the ears of the landlord if he attempts to enforce his contract. At the same time, drunkenness is fearfully upon the increase, the vilest schnapps taking the place of the comparatively harmless lager. What can be done with or for the workingman when he thus abuses and degrades himself?

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

"KEEPING THE RASCALS ROTATING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an indication of how some of the rank and file of the Republican party may look at it, I desire, as one of them, to answer a point which has been raised several times in the *Nation*.

I shall vote for Greeley without reference to the question of whether any reforms are probable under his Administration, if he should be elected. Conceding the worst which is said of him and his chief supporters, I should still vote for him on the principle—erroneous perhaps—that if we cannot have a good set of officers, the next best thing is to keep the rascals *rotating* as fast as possible, instead of confirming those in office in the opinion that they may do as they please, by the tacit approval of their bad acts indicated by re-election. A prominent part of Barnard's defence is that the people re-elected him for a second term, after a full knowledge and discussion of the charges on which he is now being tried, and thereby set the seal of approval upon his administration. My vote will not be given towards having Carl Schurz confronted with a similar argument in the Senate next winter.

The *Nation* is aware that some of the "Reformers" elected to office in this city last fall were as corrupt as any of the Tammany Ring. Was that a good reason for voting for the rogues then in power? My judgment as a simple "average voter" was, that it was best to break up the ring even at the risk of electing other rogues in the effort. A similar consideration, if none others existed, would decide my course in the Presidential contest this fall.

I cannot see what motive Greeley would have in acceding to the demands of the "horde of hungry applicants" for office, unless they were honest and capable as well as "hungry." What would he have to gain by it? He cannot possibly be a candidate for re-election, and will have no reason for propitiating them. The *Nation* has hinted that he is pledging himself to them now. He says he is not. Unless the *Nation* has incontrovertible facts in its possession, it seems a little uncharitable to make such charges even in the most indirect manner.

The *Nation* has several times charmingly admitted the possession of those little infirmities of temper and judgment from which none of us are entirely free. Will it permit me to say that one of its readers, at least—but the mote may be in his own eye—thinks he sees a slight tempering of judgment with prejudice in its remarks on Greeley's recommendation of Bailey? Men have turned out defaulters after enjoying the reputation of perfect honesty for half a lifetime. Might not the editor of the *Nation* have recommended a man who had borne a good character for years, and would it not be quite within the range of possibilities that he should become a defaulter? And if he should, would the editor's position as an advocate of civil-service reform be affected by it? Might not such a thing happen to any one? Would such a recommendation relieve the Government of its duty to exercise a careful supervision over its appointee? Is it not in the failure of that supervision, and not in the original appointment, that the fault of the Administration in this case lies? Is the *Nation* sure it has presented fairly

Greeley's connection with young Vanderbilt? Perhaps it has been misled as to the facts.

Suppose Theodore Tilton does support Greeley, what does it prove against Greeley? A party large enough to carry this country must contain a good many fools as well as rascals. Do not both parties contain their share? Can we judge accurately of their comparative numbers in the two parties? and if we can, does it afford a just criterion of the qualifications of the respective candidates? As to Tilton's *prominence* in the Greeley party, if that is the point, I suppose he makes his own position. And after all, though we agree in an unspeakable contempt for some of his ideas, is he not as reputable and desirable a member of a political party as Tom Murphy and the Custom-house thieves and prize-fighters? I assure you I am not inclined to dodge any facts which I can get hold of, whether agreeable or disagreeable, and, in my anxiety to get at the facts, go even to that fountainhead of truth, the *New York Times*. I do not have to read far in that paper, however, to feel strongly drawn toward Greeley. This is a practical confirmation of the *Nation's* views on the effect of that paper's course.

These are merely the thoughts of a young "average voter," of no value except as they may be significant of the ideas of the class to which he belongs.—Very respectfully, your attentive

READER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1872.

[The plan of contenting one's self with "keeping the rascals rotating as fast as possible," in lieu of all positive reform, certainly would make the future of the nation seem very gloomy. As regards Mr. Greeley's relations to Bailey, the defaulting collector, all we say is that he is not in a position to abuse the President about Bailey. Mr. Greeley himself has been a prominent actor in and determined supporter of the system under which Bailey was appointed, and under which Baileys in general are not properly looked after or duly punished. As regards Vanderbilt, if our correspondent knows of any facts throwing doubt on our story, we shall be glad to publish them; we know of none. If he means to say simply that Mr. Greeley's antecedents make the story improbable, he can hardly know much about Mr. Greeley. The fact is there are two Greeleys—Urban Greeley and Rural Greeley. Rural Greeley is the person over whom the farmers in the West get enthusiastic. He is a philosophical abstraction, who writes the good editorials in the *Tribune* (the bad ones have been all written by worthless fellows no longer in the office), and who knows almost everything. Urban Greeley, on the other hand, is a man well known to the citizens of New York, who are not enthusiastic about him, and who laugh when you speak of him. It is this one who is running for the Presidency. He is rather an odd body, with many virtues, but egregiously vain, ludicrously incompetent in dealing with men, and generally followed by a train of scheming ne'er-do-wells, who flatter him grossly, and get money and recommendations to office out of him without stint. Many things which appear wildly improbable of Rural Greeley, who discourses so wisely in the *Tribune*, are true as gospel of Urban Greeley, who figures on committees and "confers" with Mr. John Cochrane.—ED. NATION.]

A \$5,000,000 SWINDLE.—THE NATIONAL AIR-LINE RAILWAY COMPANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the most extraordinary appeal ever made to the financial world for a loan has just been made by a body of men calling themselves "The National Air-Line Railway Company" in New Jersey.

It is extraordinary, because the only security offered to the public in return for their money is a pretended charter from the Legislature of New Jersey which was never asked for and never granted.

That such a call for money is made in Wall Street and on the ignorant everywhere is the more extraordinary, because it is made after the Governor of New Jersey, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House have unitedly declared that no such charter as this, under which \$5,000,000 is sought, was ever granted, and that the pretended charter now exhibited is a fraud.

It is hardly likely that any trust company of New York will connect itself as trustee with such an attempted operation, or endanger either its own standing or the moneys it holds in trust for private persons and for banks

and corporations near to or distant from New York, when the real character of this pretended charter is known.

The more railroads New Jersey has, the better it will be for her; but people will think twice before they invest under a charter which was never granted.

JERSEY.

Notes.

A. DENHAM & CO. announce that they will publish shortly "The Lives of the Novelists," by Sir Walter Scott, with notes. The volume will contain the lives of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Cumberland, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Le Sage, Johnstone, Bage, and Mackenzie.

—The late Admiral Dahlgren is reported to have left behind him a very large mass of memoirs and journals of his life from the time when he was fifteen till his death. They are said to be very full and minute, and of historical value. They will be published for the benefit of the family of the admiral, who died poor after long serving the country.

—The "untamable" fly, as Shakespeare calls him, or the "undaunted," as he is called by Homer, and who is just now being execrated and poisoned by all housewives, is to be the subject of the essayists who next year compete for the Walker Prize offered by the Boston Society of Natural Science. The full wording of the title is as follows: "On the Development and Transformations of the Common House-Fly."

—The *Evening Post* makes the strange and injudicious enquiry, what the London *Spectator* means by the word "pékin," used in a recent issue. "Pékin," we supposed nearly everybody knew, is the ordinary, old, widely-spread, well-settled slang term applied by French military men to civilians. Fifty years ago, or more, it furnished Talleyrand with the materials for one of his most stinging witticisms. Hearing it used by an army officer, and, like the *Post*, not knowing what it meant, he enquired. "Oh," said the officer, "nous autres, nous appelons pékin, tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Comme nous," retorted Talleyrand, "nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil."

—Mr. Thurlow Weed has been interviewed recently by a Western writer, who found him busy in the preparation of his memoirs, which will be a mine of American political history. Among other things upon which he is reported to have talked was the late Dickens's first visit to this country, and Boston will turn in her grave—if that is the proper way of speaking about the condition of that city—when she hears why it was that Dickens's visit was not a success. Boston, Mr. Weed says, got hold of Dickens first, and so toadied him, and abased herself before him, that she perfectly disgusted the rest of the country, which was therefore disposed to take offence at him. The quarrel was at once ready, then, when the young author began his injudicious urging, in season and out of season, of an international copyright law. Thence coolness, satire in the "American Notes," and exacerbation. We dare say there is no great amount of truth in this narration, but we advise other New York journals to reiterate it for the purpose of driving the Bostonians crazy. We would add, too, that one of the Prussian Band who played at the Jubilee wrote home to a friend that the great Boston Jubilee was, to tell the truth, nothing more nor less than a great American humbug. It is a fact that the Boston press became seriously angry with the New York correspondents for jeering at that peculiar affair.

—Four years ago *Harper's Magazine* printed an article entitled "Fish Culture," which described Mr. Seth Green's system and gave an account of a pond or brook in New Jersey in which fish were artificially propagated. This account contained the following paragraph—or rather let us say that it is currently said to have contained the following paragraph. The Chicago *Tribune* would no doubt have one opinion on that matter, and the *Times* of this city would beyond question violently uphold another. The subscribers to these journals, if either of them now has any left, might refer to *Harper's* for November, 1838:

"Some of the larger fishes are marked by striking peculiarities, and have received distinguished names. One is known as 'Bartimeus,' from the fact that he is blind. A long, lean, lantern-jawed fellow is appropriately styled 'Don Quixote,' while a huge three-pounder, who fought it on that line during the entire season, killing and devouring over a dozen large fishes, is called 'General Grant.' There was formerly, in the large pond, a curious, parti-colored fish, with irregular spots and streaks of white and black, the colors varying almost weekly, who was known to some of the numerous Democrats in the vicinity as 'Horace Greeley'; but he is now no more, having been unfortunately killed and eaten by 'General Grant.'"

—The attention of all legislators in all our States may well be given to the experience of Maryland in regard to divorce legislation. Settled by

Roman Catholics and always conservative in all respects, Maryland for the greater part of her history gave a practical prohibition to divorce, but not long since she relaxed the rigidity of her laws and allowed it after three years' desertion. This had the effect of making applications for separation very numerous, and it has been found necessary to empower the judges to forbid the parties guilty of desertion from marrying again. This has almost stopped the bringing of suits, we are told, for in Maryland as elsewhere what a divorce suit means in very many cases is that one of two people who should be held to decency and self-restraint as severely and strictly as possible, wants to escape from obligation to his present partner with a view of taking up another. And what it means in a great many other cases, which call out an undue amount of sympathy from legislators, is that two people have carelessly or recklessly involved themselves in a partnership which has its irksomeness in one way or another, and which they wish to throw off, but which, in the interest of children and in the interest of the marriage tie, they should be compelled to put up with. Instead of leaving such people, having made their bed, to lie in it, it is usual for our easy-going legislatures and courts to let them make another, or indeed as many more as they see fit. The most rigid theory of marriage as an utterly indissoluble compact, a sacrament, could not be more pernicious in its influence upon morality than our Indiana theories have proved, and this, we think, is daily getting to be more manifest. Maryland seems to have hit upon a reasonably happy medium between the Romish view and the Spiritualists'.

—It would have been unreasonable to expect that our American public should not have had an imposition practised upon it as regards the real working of the postal telegraph system in the various countries where it has been tried; the telegraph is too valuable a property to be given up without a prolonged struggle on the part of the corporations who now monopolize the lines, and if the struggle involves a little economizing of the truth, why, we must recollect that there is a good deal of human nature in man. As a matter of fact, however, the system has by no means undergone the disastrous breakdown which has been asserted of it. In England, for instance—of which India is clearly not a part, though the "abridged" report would have us think so—the telegraph in Government hands has not been worked at a loss, but has during the last fiscal year afforded a revenue of more than a million and a half of dollars, while about five million is set down as the expected revenue for the year ending next June. And this though the expenses have been abnormally large, by reason of abnormal work of construction, and though the messages now pay very much less than when the companies were competing with each other. There is probably some truth in the complaint that Government can tamper with the political news; but to say nothing of the means of evading interference, public opinion would speedily put an end to such a practice. What is true of England as regards the benefits necessarily accruing, is true of nearly all other European countries where the system has been tried, and there is little doubt that we shall live to see it true of the United States also; only in this, as in other matters, we shall find that Senator Carpenter's views in regard to civil-service reform, or Mr. Greeley's, are not so valuable as other views. We see by the last number of *Nature* that a *Journal of the Society of the Telegraph Engineers* has been established, and that the society already numbers 220 members, among whom are some of the most eminent scientific men of the time. The same paper tells us of an interesting soirée held at the Albert Hall under the auspices of this Society and the Postal Telegraph Department. A model of every kind of telegraphic instrument which has been in general use from the beginning of commercial telegraphy was exhibited, and each instrument was put in practical use, one feature of the entertainment being the "calling" of Kurrachee Station in India, which replied, and stated that "locusts were swarming in Seinde," the message being received with much interest and pleasure. Evidently the social and commercial use of the great invention is indeed in its infancy, and the statesman who declared that he was a slave to telegrams, which everywhere pursued him, and that he prayed for the return of the mounted post, may as well retire from public life.

—"Hereditary feud with trees" has been charged upon the Yankee, and no doubt arboricide has been one of his many national sins, but already he begins to repent and amend. In the East he long since began to see "whether the town would set out shade trees or do anything in relation to the same," and if the commissioners of roads too often chose the inevitable elm, that over-graceful idler in the New England landscape, or the bourgeois maple, and if they sometimes even down to this day whitewash the trunks of the horse-chestnuts, they at all events have been "in better business," as the deacons would say, than their fathers were when of every green thing they remorselessly made cordwood. In the central States, too, and the Northwest, where the land was peeled with reckless waste, better counsels have for some time prevailed, though that necessary officer, a Commissioner of

Woods and Forests, has, we believe, nowhere come into existence. Perhaps our German fellow-citizens, recollecting his usefulness at home, may teach us the wisdom of calling him into existence. In California, as we see by an interesting paper read before the Academy of Sciences of that State, a vigorous effort has been made to increase the forest area, and if all be true as stated in the paper before us, the forest thus created will have extraordinary value. It appears that Australian forest trees propagated from the seed thrive remarkably in California—almost as well, or quite as well, as the native trees, so that it is not beyond the probabilities that the gigantic *Sequoias* native to the soil may in process of ages find themselves rivalled by the invading *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, which towers to the height of four hundred feet. And the ages need not be so very many either, for the growth of these trees is said to be fabulously rapid. Mr. R. E. C. Stearns, the writer of the article, says that he himself set out a small tree of the *Eucalyptus globula* species—the Blue Gum of Tasmania and Victoria—which, at the time of planting, was six and a half feet high and half an inch in diameter, and that in eleven months and three days afterwards its diameter was one inch and three-quarters, its height was "a trifle over fifteen feet," and its lateral growth was equally remarkable. "It was not a very good time for Blue Gums either," for very little rain fell after this tree was planted, "and furthermore, the locality was upon nearly the highest land in Petaluma." Very strong, too, is this swiftly-growing wood. "It is considered to be generally superior to American rock elm;" and "a test of strength has been made between some Blue Gum, English oak, and Indian teak, and the Blue Gum carried 14 pounds more weight than the oak, and 17 pounds 4 ounces more than teak, upon the square inch." Besides these good qualities—height so great that a whole keelson can be cut from a single tree, capacity to take a fine polish, great strength, easiness of "working," rapid growth, density of shade—the *Eucalyptus globula* has one or two more: its leaves are medicinal; in tincture they are as sure a cure for intermittent fever as quinine itself. "Dr. Lorimer gave it to fifty-three patients, of whom forty-three were completely cured. In five other cases there was a relapse, owing to a failure in the supply of the tincture. In eleven of the cases quinine had been used without effect, and nine of these were cured by the *Eucalyptus*." Dr. McLean, of Netley, England, says that except the subcutaneous injection of morphia, he knows no remedy for cardiac asthma and certain cases of chest aneurism so efficacious as to merit comparison with the tincture of *E. globula*. The German doctors use it in the form of cigars, as well as in tincture, and pillows stuffed with the leaves are held to be good in cases of sleeplessness. These trees diffuse also, we must recollect to say, an aromatic odor which causes them to be shunned by all insects save one, and he appears to have formed his character on the model of the *Eucalyptus*, for he spends a blameless life in excreting a sort of manna out of which the bees make excellent honey. Various other varieties of this genus of trees are now domiciled in California, and with them also several kinds of acacias, all noteworthy either for beauty or shade or flowers of which is made the dyestuff that dyes the "peculiar Chinese yellow color," by which we suppose the color of nankeen is meant. We advise our readers to procure this little pamphlet from the California Academy. It is, we doubt not, trustworthy, and it is peculiarly interesting. It is rather curious, by the way, to find Mr. Stearns protesting, at the end of his account of the *Eucalypti*, that he "does not wish to be understood as making an unfavorable comparison as against our indigenous species"—the ignominious traitor! Wherever the *Eucalypti* can be made to grow, they certainly ought to be planted. To say nothing of their uses, the majesty of a grove of them would be half a religion to the villagers who, fifty years from now, would be enjoying their presence.

The great age often attained by literary men has recently been made the subject of comment in England, and, indeed, despite the invasion of this class by feeble-minded persons in hectic bodies who succeed in getting themselves called literary, the poets, historians, philosophers, editors, and their brethren appear to share longevity fairly with other men who live reasonably well-ordered lives and—a great point—keep the brain in regular and healthy activity on subjects which do not too much enlist the meauer passions. Mr. Carlyle, hot-tempered and sanguinary as he is, may properly enough be ranked in this category, though if he dies within twenty years no one will be able to say that cholera and turbulency have not untimely snipped his thread. Sir Charles Lyell also is aged, and the names of Sir Roderick Murchison, Victor Hugo, Savage Landor, De Quincey, Guizot, Michelet, Thiers, Milman, Humboldt, Goethe, and Wordsworth will occur to everybody as among men of our day who attained old age after long literary labor. Here in America we have a literary veteran in the person of Mr. Richard Dana the elder, born in 1787. Mr. Bryant, too, may claim that honor. So we suppose may Mr. Emerson, Professor Tayler

Dr. Walker, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Whittier, and Mr. Longfellow.

The two former, by the way, have had the coincident luck of losing their houses by fire this summer, the loss being not very heavy in either case, but, on the other hand, falling on men not rich.

—M. Chaix, to whom we referred last week, was not the first to give his workmen a share in his profits in addition to their wages. We learn from a correspondent that M. Lecaire, a painter and glazier in Paris, adopted the same plan in 1842, and continued it for twenty-seven years, during which the system succeeded so well in securing better work, and in elevating the moral and material condition of the employees, that he adopted the following scheme of division: 25 per cent. of profits for the capital, 50 per cent. to be divided among the workmen, and 25 per cent. for the sick and for pensions. Last year the sum to be divided was 150,000 francs. It will be seen that the proportion received by the workmen is very much larger than M. Chaix proposed to give them; each workman's share amounted to nearly 12 per cent. of his wages. If all M. Lecaire's outlay in this way has been returned to him by the improvement in quality and quantity of work done, he must have begun his experiment with bad workmen, but perhaps not worse than the average. In the interesting "Ouvriers des Deux Mondes," published by the Société des Etudes Pratiques d'Economie Sociale, it is more than once mentioned of certain trades and certain parts of Paris that the men have no idea that anything is really due to their employer for the wages they receive, and, whenever his eye is off them, take every opportunity to shirk. A head cursed with such hands might be willing to forego part of his gains to secure the satisfaction of being well served.

AMOS KENDALL.*

WE wonder how many of our readers of less than fifty years of age have any idea connected with the name of Amos Kendall! Indeed, one must have passed somewhat beyond that milestone *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita* to have a very distinct recollection of his political personality. But to such as are so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as they may esteem it, his name recalls times the events and persons of which seem almost mythical, seen through the long vista of intervening years. There were giants then in the land, for the like of whom we should look in vain among the public men of these times. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Edward Livingstone, not to mention the *dii minorum gentium*, were in the fulness of their prime forty years ago. General Jackson, if he cannot be entirely refused a place among the giants of those days, we think history will relegate to that class known to nursery lore as the Ogres, who have a giant's power, but use it giant-like. Van Buren only carries his head among his contemporary giants because mounted on the shoulders of his predecessor, who lifted him up and set him in the White House when he had done with it himself. Amos Kendall had no pretensions to belong to that Brobdingnagian race, but his name was almost as much bruited in men's mouths then as that of any of them. In those days of rotation in office, of the scandal touching Major and Mrs. Eaton, of the Kitchen Cabinet and its summary dismissal "as a unit," as well as when the more important matters of the Bank war and the removal of the deposits stirred the public mind with a fierceness of agitation which seems strange and almost puerile to us who have lived through the last twelve years, Amos Kendall was as well known and as well abused a man as any of his betters, and for no particular reason that we can gather from this narrative. Perhaps the intense hatred felt by the opposition towards all the promoters of Jackson's election, and who were believed to have his ear, was yet more embittered to the sense of Mr. Clay and his partisans by the feeling, for which there was no just ground, that Mr. Kendall properly should have belonged to their faction.

The history of Amos Kendall is that of multitudes of other Americana who have worked their way from humble beginnings to eminence in the world. He came of a good stock, from the like of which many such have sprung. He was born in the town of Dunstable, just on the boundary line of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, on a farm better suited to the raising of men than of any of the usual crops of agriculture. His father was a fine old Puritan yeoman, fearing God, regular in public and private worship, receiving the Bible in its entirety as the Word of God, and the Westminster Catechism as its all but inspired expositor, faithful in his calling, and bringing up a numerous family by the hardest kind of work and the most rigid economy. Mr. Kendall's account of his childhood and youth, of his father's way of life and method of rearing his children, of his own recreations, and of his studies during hours of play, is both entertaining and interesting, containing, as it does, the picture of a state of society which is fast passing away, if it has not already disappeared. Deacon Kendall, for such was the rank in the church of the excellent father of Amos, entertained the just ambition

* "Autobiography of Amos Kendall. Edited by his Son-in-law, William Stickney." Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

felt universally, or nearly so, by men of his class in New England, of giving to one of his sons a liberal education, hoping, like the parents of Dominic Sampson, "to see him wag his head in a pulpit" before he died. Amos, as the most bookish of the nine sons—of whom six were living in 1858, when Amos, the fourth, was in his seventieth year—was naturally selected as the fittest for the purpose. He scrambled into his education, as multitudes of eminent men have done before him, by the self-help of school-keeping in the winters, eked out by the very moderate advance of forty-two dollars and eighty-four cents from his father. He was fitted for college in forty-seven weeks by the academies of New Ipswich, N. H., and Groton, Massachusetts, the whole cost of his preparation, exclusive of books, being eighty-five dollars and thirty-nine cents. And here we will pause to protest against a new Americanism which has found its way into the newspapers, though we do not recollect seeing it in a book before this one. We mean the use of the word "*academic*" education to describe the time passed in a country academy. It means, as everybody ought to know, a complete education, ending with a full university course. "*Academic life*" means properly only the time spent in college halls and walks—not that passed in a preparatory country school.

In 1807, Mr. Kendall entered Dartmouth College and struggled through his four years there much as he had fought his way to its gates. School-teaching was his main dependence for paying his bills, his father contributing about three hundred dollars to make out the deficiency. The account of his four years at Dartmouth is curious as the story of college life "sixty years since" at one of "the freshwater colleges," as Dr. Holmes styled them once, to the discontentment of their *alumni*, though it is not apparent why it should be regarded as disparaging, since the English Cambridge and Oxford stand in exactly the same category. It is to be hoped that the standard of manners and morals has been raised since his time in that school of the prophets. There was certainly room for the improvement in refinement and manners, and a just sense of what was due to others as well as themselves, which one cannot doubt has long since been made. Mr. Kendall seems to have stood the rough and coarse ordeal very well, and to have made the best of the modest advantages which the college then gave its students. He graduated in 1811 at the head of his class, which contained in its ranks Chief-Justice Shepley of Maine, and Chief-Justice Parker of New Hampshire, afterwards Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University. He made one or two rather ambitious attempts in literature, notably, a tragedy called "*Palafax, or the Siege of Saragossa*," which was enacted with applause at Harvard by the students, but which Mr. Powell, the manager of the Boston Theatre, cruelly rejected, although the author had been at the pains to introduce female characters, which before had been wanting. But though he was not discouraged by this rebuff from writing another tragedy, he does not seem to have attempted to bring it on the stage. He did not feel the devotion for the ministry which his worthy father had hoped he would, and turned his thoughts rather to the law. He studied his profession chiefly at Groton, under Samuel Merchant Richardson, who afterwards removed to New Hampshire and became Chief-Justice of that State. Here, too, he underwent his first love, which like most such was a hopeless one. He sustained his disappointment with philosophic resignation, and tells us a curious fact that, many years afterwards, his only son met casually the only daughter of the lady, and, more fortunate than his sire, secured her affections and her hand.

Mr. Kendall grew up and entered life in the midst of the violent contentions of the Federal and Democratic parties for the control of the Government, and he cast in his lot with the Democrats. He remained faithful to the party through all the phases of its chequered life, even after it had changed places, in 1850, with the Federalists of half a century before, and actually claimed that centralization of power in the General Government in the interest of slavery which had been the main charge against the old Federalists. One may judge of the violence of the party spirit of those times by a sermon preached by the minister of Groton, we presume the Rev. Dr. Chaplin, quoted by Mr. Kendall, from the text, "Ye are of your father the devil," comparing the President to Beelzebub and the members of Congress who voted for the war to the lesser devils in his service! The clergy were, almost to a man, Federalists; but Mr. Kendall was mistaken in thinking that the repeal of the constitutional provision for their compulsory support was in consequence of their interference with polities. The Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1820, when the old spirit of party was far from extinct, refused absolutely to change the Constitution in that particular, and it was not till about ten years later that the alteration was made, long after the Federal party had disappeared and the Democratic party had taken "a new departure," under its old name.

But we must hasten on. After finishing his law studies, he determined to emigrate to Kentucky and seek his fortune in that new country. If any

one wishes to know the pleasures and pains of travelling in the days before steam, he can learn the lesson by reading Mr. Kendall's itinerary from home to Lexington, by way of Washington. At Boston, he heard "a youth of great promise, the young Mr. Everett," preach, and in Washington he went to President Madison's levee, and "felt no awe, although Mrs. Madison is a noble, dignified person, apparently more able to manage the affairs of the nation than her husband." In Kentucky he was employed at first as tutor in the family of Mr. Clay, afterwards was admitted to the bar, and later became an editor, first of a religious, and afterwards of a political paper, which office he soon found to be his true vocation. He had various love affairs, and was twice happily married, though at neither time to the charming young lady who expressed her delight with a "little select manuscript" of his poetry, by "kissing the pieces and saying he was a charming poet!" After the breaking up of the old party lines, the country divided rather upon men than principles. With the election of John Quincy Adams in 1824, the embittered controversy arose between the Ins and the Outs, as represented by Mr. Adams and General Jackson. There was nothing really to quarrel about, as both candidates were Democrats and held substantially the same opinions. Many of the old Federalists, mindful of what they esteemed Mr. Adams's apostasy in 1807, joined the Jackson party, and helped to carry it triumphantly into power. This part of Mr. Kendall's life is not very clearly set forth in the autobiography. But he was evidently a warm partisan of Jackson, and after the election he came to Washington for his reward. He was made Fourth Auditor, and discharged with firmness that part of his duty which consisted in discharging opposition clerks, though his humanity revolted against it, and he assisted cases of especial hardship out of his own pocket. His letters to his wife at this time are curious as depicting the fashionable life, the dinner-parties and balls, and ladies' dresses of forty-odd years ago. We fear that it may excite a pang of envy in Washingtonian breasts to read that a good house could be had then for a rental of a hundred and seventy-five dollars! One circumstance relating to the time of Jackson's accession Mr. Kendall misstates—unintentionally, no doubt. He speaks of "the want of manliness" shown by Mr. Adams and his cabinet in not remaining to receive their successors. The fact was that General Jackson did not call upon President Adams, according to etiquette, when he arrived in Washington, and consequently neither Mr. Adams nor his cabinet could in common self-respect attend the inauguration, nor accord him any attention. The etiquette is that the incoming President, on arriving in Washington, calls on the outgoing one, who invites him to dine, and attends the inauguration. It was General Jackson, and not Mr. Adams, who showed a "want of manliness" on that occasion. He had acquired a degree of external polish of manners, but a very slight scratch brought the Tartar to the surface.

Mr. Kendall remained Fourth Auditor until 1835, when he was appointed Postmaster-General. He seems to have discharged the duties of both offices with great industry, honesty, and skill, and left them both in a better condition than he found them. We find it hard to account for the bitterness with which he was attacked by his political opponents and the kind of evil odor which they managed to attach to his name. It was probably owing to the fact that he was known to be in the confidence of the President and necessary before the fact to the removal of the deposits and the destruction of the Bank, if not an actual accomplice in the crime. And he had popularly the reputation of being the vigilant and untiring promoter in the press of all Jackson's schemes. Very likely, too, Mr. Clay, who was "a good hater," could not forgive the success of a man who, he might think, had deserted his flag for that of his enemy; and a sign from Mr. Clay was enough to make the whole pack of his followers open mouth upon any one at whom his long finger pointed. In private life Mr. Kendall was everything that the best obituary could ask for—an affectionate husband, a prudent and judicious father, a frugal yet liberal householder. We do not think that any malversation was ever even suggested by malice against him, and he carried nothing with him out of office but the honest savings of his salary. We are happy to gather that, in his latter years, he was easy, perhaps affluent, in his circumstances, through the honorable part he had taken in the promotion of Morse's electric telegraph. Though a Democrat all his life, and we apprehend what would be called a pro-slavery one, he did not sink into the slough of Copperheadism when the trial hour came. He wrote earnest words against secession, did not spare the criminal weakness of Mr. Buchanan, and offered his own residence, as well as his other houses, for the accommodation of troops as soon as they were expected after Sumter. His long life was not free from the common doom of man, and his old age had its full share of the bereavements as well as of the honor, love, and obedience which should accompany it, some of them of unusual severity. His natural strength of mind, reinforced by religious faith, enabled him to bear these calamities like a man, though he felt

them like a man. When he was seventy-six years old he entered the Baptist Church by the rite of immersion, and was an enthusiastic disciple, showing his faith by works as well as words, as long as he lived. We are glad to learn that he condemned the substitution of the word "immerse" for "baptize" in the new version, made expressly for that purpose. Mr. Kendall died happy, with his eyes fixed on the rising sun, on the 12th of November, 1859, in his eighty-first year. His life was a long, useful, and happy one. Though he was not a great man, and his part in public affairs not a very important or conspicuous one, he did well what his hand found to do, and this is no small praise. This biography of him, though it might have been somewhat retrenched, is well edited, and will answer its purpose as a monument to a revered relative. We think, however, that the casual glimpses it gives at the private life of New Hampshire, of Kentucky, and of Washington, a generation or two ago, are what will give it its chief interest to the general reader.

POOR'S RAILROAD MANUAL.*

THIS is the fifth of Mr. Poor's annual publications, and well sustains, without advancing, the high character won by its predecessors. Some idea may be formed of the enormous labor involved in its preparation from the fact that it contains statistical information in regard to some 1,500 corporations scattered throughout the United States and the British Possessions, in regard to many of which little if anything is publicly known beyond what can be found in the pages of this volume. Very few comparatively of the States of the Union have as yet got to the point of exacting from their railroad corporations any official returns whatever, and even when they are exacted, these are altogether too frequently calculated to confuse rather than to enlighten. Many corporations are controlled by "rings," which do not scruple in the slightest degree at furnishing false information in furtherance of their plans, and not a few are so managed that no intelligent account of their condition could be furnished by their officials even if they were most honestly desirous of doing so. Take, for instance, such a corporation as the Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Lafayette—an important line in the States of Ohio and Indiana. This company for several years made no returns whatever. In one of his earlier "Manuals" Mr. Poor published such statistical information in regard to it as he could procure, and which was certainly calculated to throw grave doubts on its solvency. Great indignation was expressed thereat by those in charge of the affairs of the company, and for the next issue of the "Manual" they prepared and Mr. Poor published a set of accounts which appear to have been manufactured to order. In due course of time the company was discovered to be hopelessly insolvent, and passed into the hands of receivers. It then gradually appeared that either no accounts existed or that they were so kept as to be wholly unintelligible. In any event, two years of patient labor have failed as yet to disentangle them. So, also, as regards the Rutland and Burlington Railroad of Vermont. The trustees of this corporation spoke in one document of certain trifling outstanding accounts, which in the next document, issued a few months later, assumed definite proportions in the shape of a million and a quarter of indebtedness. In preparing his "Manual" Mr. Poor has, of course, access only to such information as those managing the affairs of the several corporations see fit to furnish. This he publishes for what it is worth, and in many cases it is worth very little. The public, therefore, should not be allowed to suppose in referring to this book that they can rely upon the accuracy of all the information contained in it, and invest their money accordingly. As we understand it, Mr. Poor makes no such pretensions in its behalf. On the contrary, he seeks simply to bring together in a compendious form that which is publicly known in regard to American railroad corporations, and all persons must accept that information at their own risk.

While in fulfilling his task Mr. Poor is entitled to the utmost credit for the information he has collected and the industry he has displayed, the great difficulty with his "Manuals" is that the series does not improve. His original idea was a good one, but he fails to develop it. A more awkward and clumsy arrangement of matter than pervades this book, in close imitation of its predecessors, could not well be imagined. Indeed, it cannot be said to be arranged at all; the contents are flung together purely at hazard. There seems almost to be something offensive to Mr. Poor in those chronological, alphabetical, or generic arrangements which mankind usually adopts with a view to convenient reference or intelligent study. For instance, he undertakes to print statements of the debts and liabilities of the several States of the Union. In doing this, he would naturally be expected to arrange the States either alphabetically or geographically. He does nothing of the kind. He begins with Pennsylvania and takes up Connecticut

next, which is followed by Maine. New York is sandwiched between Michigan and Iowa, and Missouri between Maryland and Vermont. This is a trifling indication of an inherent defect which seriously impairs the value of the whole work. When the investigator approaches a study of the railroad system of America, and seeks to get precise information as to the affairs of any one of its large corporations, the book becomes little better than a lumber of figures. The proper arrangement is obvious enough. The railroads of the United States, in obedience to certain geographical considerations, are rapidly grouping themselves into families. These families should have been carefully brought together, so that at one glance the whole condition of the group could have been taken in. Instead of this, they seem to have been scattered up and down the volume with the express purpose of making connected reference impossible. Take, for instance, the Reading Railroad. This is a large corporation, the centre of a group of roads which it has built, purchased, or leased. To understand the condition of this company, it is necessary to know that of all the other companies united in interest with it. The obvious arrangement, therefore, would be to give the necessary information as regards the Reading Railroad, immediately followed by the information regarding all the other roads dependent upon it, the whole to be followed by a résumé of all facts connected with the group. Instead of pursuing this course, Mr. Poor puts the Reading Road itself on page 314 of the "Manual." The company, we are informed, own eight separate roads and branches, and lease sixteen others. To get any detailed information as to these members of the Reading system, it is necessary to consult the index and to refer to the pages of the "Manual" in the following order: beginning at page 314, we seek pages 16, 17, 339, 234, 420, 273, 242, 425, 57, 97, 58, 65, 421, 232, 417.

A more complicated instance yet is furnished in the Pennsylvania road. The system of this great corporation is one most difficult to understand. There is, in the first place, the Pennsylvania road proper, with its various branches and leased lines; there is, then, the Pennsylvania Company, incorporated solely to manage and control certain roads leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad. This family of united roads is the largest in the United States, including in a single interest some thirty corporations, and operating over 4,000 miles of road. Instead of bringing its members together, and thus making the system intelligible, Mr. Poor gives us the Pennsylvania Railroad in one place, between the Central of New Jersey and the Chicago, Detroit, and Canada Grand Junction, with neither of which has it the slightest connection, while the Pennsylvania Company makes its appearance nearly a hundred pages further on, side by side with the Dakota Southern and the McMinnville and Manchester railroads. As to the other members of the group, an industrious investigator might hunt them up in the course of a day or so of careful study; but if any person desires a thoroughly confusing problem to solve, he had better try to ascertain from Mr. Poor's compilation what is the capital and the net income of that system of roads which is now united under the management of the celebrated Mr. Thomas A. Scott and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Neither can we say much in commendation of Mr. Poor's preliminary sketch of the railroads in the United States. It may have been novel once, but it is certainly so no longer. A manual which is to make its appearance each year ought apparently to give, in preliminary sketch, some idea of what has been done during the year to which it relates. It should speak of that year's growth, business, consolidations, changes of management, etc., and thus afford the material for a connected historical review, and some general ideas of the course through which this great interest is developing itself. Mr. Poor does nothing of the sort. Year after year he reproduces the same facts and the same theories in identical words. We are regularly told of the length of the *radii* upon which a bushel of corn and a bushel of wheat can be transported, respectively by rail and by highway, before the cost of transportation will consume all marketable value; we regularly have Mr. Poor's not very original views on the subjects of land-grants and the relation of railroads to national finances. We begin to be very weary of these. They do not apparently change greatly year by year, and four repetitions would seem to be sufficient. At least, if the repetitions are to continue indefinitely, they ought to be accurate, and we should not find such singular statements (p. xxix.) as that the increase of tonnage in the United States, from 1861 to 1871, was at the rate of 23 per centum per annum, and the increase of population was at the rate of 2.3 per cent. per annum; and, consequently, "the tonnage of the country increased annually from 1861 to 1871 at a rate 2.5 per cent. greater than the population."

These, however, are but the defects of what is still a most valuable work, which must be improved, developed, and carried forward, both in conception and execution. If Mr. Poor does not do this, somebody else will. The advertisements must occupy a great deal less room, and the general statistical tables a great deal more. Some method of arrangement must be introduced as regards matter; and the statistics, now a most undigested mass,

* "Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1872-73. With an Appendix, containing a full analysis of the Debts of the United States and the several States. By Henry V. Poor." Fifth Series. New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor. 1872. 8vo, pp. xlviii.-684.

must be compressed into tables which will render possible an intelligent and comprehensive view of the whole. The railroads of the United States already represent, at the lowest estimate, three thousand millions of invested wealth. Their securities are pressed upon every money market of the world. It is only, however, within the last six years that this system has evinced unmistakable symptoms of a rapid crystallization. The process now begun will unquestionably go on with an irresistible force and a constant tendency to an increased complexity. The public will, therefore, not much longer be satisfied with such results as Mr. Poor has hitherto given it. It is very well for a beginning, but the time is at hand when this body of raw material must be digested as well as collected. Whether Mr. Poor will prove equal to this task remains to be seen; in the shape thus far assumed, his series of "Manuals" will scarcely admit of a much longer continuation.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.*

IN this long list of novels that we have before us to-day there is no book of very marked excellence, although a few of them are certainly very readable, especially in a time of year when more serious volumes have a way of falling unregarded from the hands of the slumbering reader. The first on our list, "Marjory," certainly deserves this praise. It is a most unambitious tale of the sufferings of a charming young girl, who falls in love with a young man, and who then is tortured by the familiar passion—jealousy. More serious troubles, too, beset her, and the result is that we have a very good story. It is told with the utmost simplicity, and we hardly know any novel that we should so soon recommend as a model to those writers of magazine stories, or even of longer tales, who have no particular power of their own in the delineation of character, and whose only aim is to entertain the reader for a short time. We fear, however, that there are but very few who will fancy this advice in any way appropriate to them. But any one who reads this story will see for himself its apparent simplicity—it really contains a great deal of art—and will feel the direct singleness of impression that it makes upon him. The supernatural part is admirably managed; the quiet tone of all the rest makes this seem extremely possible and very impressive. There is in some books a way of making even ghosts almost as awkward and unnatural as the shadowy heroes and heroines of the story. The girl's feelings are well told, quietly and decorously, as she suffered; it reads as would a true story told by a good narrator, who was wise enough to know what to leave out. There is no rule for the writing of good stories, though there are certain conditions which the author must bear in mind if he wishes to do satisfactory work. But in such matters example is better than precept, and once more we recommend "Marjory" to writers as well as to readers who would like a pretty tale.

Mrs. Hammond's "Josephine Eloise" might possibly have been improved by some such study; as it is, in spite of the infinite diversity of the passions and sufferings of tortured humanity, there is nothing in this story which has ever been seen upon the face of this earth, except, indeed, in print. It is the story of a foundling who, after a life of much discomfort in this country, is found to be the daughter of an English earl, and who marries at the end of the book the renowned Lord Delmore. A great part of the story is about the machinations of a villain. In this way he entangles a victim in his fell wiles:

"When in a state, by so freely indulging, he had almost lost his reason, and by threats he would induce him to sign checks for large sums, and to sign away to him large amounts of property."

George Eliot need not fear a new rival here.

"Bede's Charity" is by no means an exciting tale. It does not deal with complications of the human heart, but rather with the exercise of Christian virtues. It is a religious story; but it has merits which we would gladly see in profane works—simplicity and naturalness. It lacks vulgarity, and that is, perhaps, rarer praise for religious tales than even those of other sorts.

* "Marjory. By Milly Deane." London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.
 "Josephine Eloise. By Mrs. A. F. Hammond." Baltimore News Co., Baltimore, 1872.
 "Bede's Charity. By Herba Stretton." New York: Dodd & Mead. 1872.
 "The Golden Lion of Granpere. By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper Bros. 1872.
 "The Rose Garden. By the author of 'Unawares.'" Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.
 "Old Margaret. By Henry Kingsley." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.
 "By His Own Might: a Romance. From the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 "Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.
 "A Good Investment. By W. J. Flagg." New York: Harper Bros. & Co. 1872.
 "Thrown Together. By Florence Montgomery." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

Mr. Trollope's last novel (we believe it is his last), "The Golden Lion of Granpere," carries us to new lands, but only to show us how like are the manifestations of the tender passion, especially in Mr. Trollope's eyes, in all corners of the earth. The story need not be told. It is enough to say that there are two men and one girl, for those who know this author, to imagine the complications he devises for their torture. It is certainly a relief to get away from the clergy of the Church of England, indeed, from his Englishmen clerical or secular, although it is but little joy to get among Alsatian love-makers.

"The Rose Garden" is a very pretty little love-story, the scene of which is laid in France. There is a frivolous, flirtation-loving girl and a reserved cousin, both of whom are interested in a fascinating youth. A little social tragedy, some of it really well told, especially the conduct of the rejected Frenchman, comes in to ensnare the reader, and there are some good descriptions of Southern France. We recommend the story heartily. It is really a pretty tale.

Mr. Henry Kingsley has written a sort of historical novel, which, on account of its introducing Margaret Van Eyck, he calls "Old Margaret," apparently because her grave is covered with the dust of years. One might as well speak of "Old Joan of Arc," or "Old Lucy of Lammermoor," or "Old Keats." The novel is alive with intrigue, which it needs close attention to understand, and the author gives one the impression of his being a jaunty showman who has visited Ghent, and seen the Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb," and then has prepared a melodramatic panorama which he explains to the awe-stricken public. He is quite at home with them all, he hears them soliloquizing, he is very fond of going to their club with the men, and he cannot conceal his admiration for their extreme blood-thirstiness. To our mind the book is an utter failure; a writer of historical novels should certainly try to represent his characters as human beings whom he fully understands, but that impression is not given by his incessant slapping them upon the back, as if to prove his familiarity in the eyes of doubters and bystanders. We respectfully warn readers from this book.

"By his Own Might" is a translation of a German novel, which is intended to teach the young the advantages of overcoming all obstacles in the way of good works. As a work of fiction, we must say that we found it extremely dull, though perhaps no duller than most German novels. With all respect for the Germans, it would seem as if they thought fiction were a science, and, given a problem, two or three incarnate qualities, and some morally sound conversation, the novel must be good, if the issue is sound. There are too many in this country who read with pleasure the novels that are translated from the German; they will find this one as interesting as most. Other people will find it extremely dull.

"Sybil's Second Love" is one of the volumes of the republication of Julia Kavanagh's novels, over which those who are now experienced matrons used to sob twenty years ago. It must be interesting for them to notice with what dry eyes they can now read them, and how nearly equally indifferent their daughters will be towards what once tore the mother's heart.

"A Good Investment" is an American novel, containing an account of life in Southern Ohio, apropos of the rise in the world of a bright young boy. The story is unaffectedly written, the romance is pleasant, if not madly exciting, no more are the ordinary flirtations of other people, and we are glad to recommend the book as a good step in the right direction on the part of an American novel-writer. There is a good deal of truth of local coloring in the figure of the old man whose lands were the subject of the investment. Not so good is the love-story, with its haps and changes; and perhaps the novel tries to contain too much, but, as we say, it may be awarded a word of praise.

"Thrown Together" is by the author of "Misunderstood," which was a doleful tale of childhood's woes. This is another of the same sort, and is written by a woman who feels keenly the manifold troubles that children endure from their own sensitiveness, their parents' real or apparent indifference, or whatever it may be. We have only space to say that this gives an account of the infancy of a little boy and a little girl, and of their influence on one another. The girl was a sensitive, proud little thing, and was by no means appreciated by her parents; the boy was his mother's joy; gradually the children become friends, obdurate parents are tamed by the example of the children and by domestic affliction, so that the book ends happily. It would be well, we think, if all parents were to read this book; to some it may seem exaggerated, yet we fancy that there is nothing in it but what might be true, and indeed is true, of the lives of many children. One is so inclined to forget his childhood, or to clothe it with a purely imaginative interest, and thereby to lack sympathy with his children, that they often really have good ground for their belief that their father and mother never were young.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE entire aspect of the far Northwest is undergoing a rapid change in consequence of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. For the first time in the world's history the awful solitudes of that remote and hitherto almost totally unknown region resound to the busy hum of industry and advancing civilization. On all the railroad and water routes to the new country the facilities for transportation have been more than quadrupled during the present season, but without affording adequate outlets for the pressure of goods. The large increase of vessels on the Upper Lakes is chiefly due to the requirements of the great railroad company, and there is scarcely a city or town along the highway of travel that does not feel the effects in an increase of business activity. The mere transportation of the vast supplies necessary for the new railroad would alone tax the transportation facilities of the sparsely settled country to the utmost. But in addition to this, long trains of settlers and immigrants follow the track of the railroad surveyors and builders, so that the country is being thoroughly explored, and is filling up with a rapidity which is destined to increase into the largest proportions.

The railroad has been entirely completed in Minnesota, and operations are now centred in Montana, where track-laying progresses at the rate of three miles a day. In October next the whistle of the locomotive will be heard on the Upper Missouri River. Quite a heavy business is now done on the Minnesota line. In addition to an important local trade, the business of the Hudson Bay Company and the British settlements in the lower Red River Valley now goes over the road, and forms quite a large aggregate. The St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, now owned and in progress of construction by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, traverses the richest portion of Western Minnesota. Other branch roads are projected or in progress of construction to connect with the main line, and the necessary preparations impart a bustle of activity to the entire country. The trunk road is now in progress of construction along the Yellowstone River in Montana. The preliminary work of surveying and laying down the route having been effected, the surveying parties are extending their labors further west to the defiles of the Rocky Mountains.

The observations and experiences so far amply confirm all that has been said of the fertility of the belt of country along the line of the railroad. In Dakota the climate is genial and the soil is admirably adapted for the cultivation of grain, so that the time when this may become the great wheat-raising centre of our country may not be distant. The country is chiefly prairie, intersected with a few small rivers or streams, and affording at all points ample supplies for men and cattle. Natural

water springs can be reached almost anywhere by excavations of a depth of ten or twelve feet from the surface. Occasional lakes are found. The rainfall this summer has been very abundant, and the country is well drained. Of the soil fully nine-tenths is arable land, and the remainder is more broken and not adapted to cultivation. The Missouri River, at the point where the railroad strikes it, is very wide and deep, with a rapid current. The shores on either side are well-wooded, as are also some islands which have been formed by the section of the river. The Missouri is navigable above the point of railroad intersection a distance of one thousand miles to Fort Benton.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company from the commencement adopted a policy of conciliation to the Indians, which has so far prevented all difficulties, and which is worthy of imitation by other companies. It inaugurated a system of obtaining supplies of fuel, food, and other articles from Indians, and of hiring them for such services of tending cattle and other work for which they might be fitted. Payment was always promptly in cash or goods at cash value, and strict equity was always observed in the dealings with them. By these means the savages were converted from enemies into friends, and their interests were identified with the progress of the road. The country is so peaceable that unarmed men attached to the railroad company traverse the entire region between the Missouri and Red Rivers, and so far without molestation. Still more, six surveying parties are now operating between Montana and the Pacific without escort of any kind. The Company is fairly entitled to the merit of amicably settling for the United States Government, at once and for ever, the Indian question on the most difficult and threatening portion of our frontier.—*New York Daily Bulletin*.

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